

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER V.

As I walked onward against the swooping wind and the plashing rain, I felt a sort of heroic ardour in the notion of breasting the adverse waves of life so boldly. It is not every fellow could do this: throw his knapsack on his shoulder, seize his stick, and set out in storm and blackness. No, Potts, my man; for downright inflexibility of purpose, for bold and resolute action, you need yield to none! It was, indeed, an awful night; the thunder rolled and crashed with scarce an interval of cessation; forked lightning tore across the sky in every direction; while the wind swept through the deep glen, smashing branches and uplifting large trees like mere shrubs. I was soon completely drenched, and my soaked clothes hung around with the weight of lead; my spirits, however, sustained me, and I toiled along, occasionally in a sort of wild bravado, giving a cheer as the thunder rolled close above my head, and trying to sing, as though my heart were as gay and my spirits as light as in an hour of happiest abandonment.

Jean Paul has somewhere the theory that our Good Genius is attached to us from our birth by a film fine as gossamer, and which few of us escape rupturing in the first years of youth, thus throwing ourselves at once without chart or pilot upon the broad ocean of life. He, however, more happily constituted, who feels the guidance of his guardian spirit, recognises the benefits of its care, and the admonitions of its wisdom, *he* is destined to great things. Such men discover new worlds beyond the seas, carry conquest over millions, found dynasties, and build up empires; they whom the world regard as demigods having simply the wisdom of being led by Fortune, and not severing the slender thread that unites them to their destiny. Was I, Potts, in this glorious category? Had the lesson of the great moralist been such a warning to me that I had preserved the filmy link unbroken? I really began to think so; a certain impulse, a whispering voice within, that said, "Go on!" On, ever onward! seemed to be the accents of that Fate, which had great things in store for me, and would eventually make me illustrious.

No illusions of your own, Potts, no phantasmas of your own poor heated fancy, must

wile you away from the great and noble part destined for you. No weakness, no faint-heartedness, no shrinking from toil, nor even peril. Work hard to know thoroughly for what Fate intends you; read your credentials well, and then go to your post unflinchingly. Revolving this theory of mine, I walked ever on. It opened a wide field, and my imagination disported in it, as might a wild mustang over some vast prairie. The more I thought over it, the more did it seem to me the real embodiment of that superstition which extends to every land and every family of men. We are Lucky when, submitting to our Good Genius, we suffer ourselves to be led along unresistingly; we are Unlucky when, breaking our frail bonds, we encounter life unguided and unaided.

What a docile, obedient, and believing pupil did I pledge myself to be. Fate should see that she had no refractory nor rebellious spirit in me, no self-indulgent voluntary, seeking only the sunny side of existence, but a nature ready to confront the rugged conflict of life, and to meet its hardships, if such were my allotted path.

I applied the circumstances in which I then found myself to my theory, and met no difficulty in the adaptation. Blondel was to perform a great part in my future. Blondel was a symbol selected by fate to indicate a certain direction. Blondel was a lamp by which I could find my way in the dark paths of the world. With Blondel, my Good Genius would walk beside me, or occasionally get up on the crupper, but never leave me or desert me. In the high excitement of my mind, I felt no sense of bodily fatigue, but walked on, drenched to the skin, alternately shivering with cold or burning with all the intensity of fever. In this state was it that I entered the little inn of Ovoca soon after daybreak, and stood dripping in the bar, a sad spectacle of exhaustion and excitement. My first question was, "Has Blondel been here?" and before they could reply, I went on with all the rapidity of delirium to assure them that deception of me would be fruitless; that Fate and I understood each other thoroughly, travelled together on the best of terms, never disagreed about anything, but, by a mutual system of give and take, hit it off like brothers. I talked for an hour in this strain, and then my poor faculties, long struggling and sore pushed, gave way completely, and I fell into brain fever.

I chanced upon kind and good-hearted folk, who nursed me with care, and watched me with interest; but my illness was a severe one, and it was only in the sixth week that I could be about again, a poor, weak, emaciated creature, with failing limbs and shattered nerves. There is an indescribable sense of weariness in the mind after fever, just as if the brain had been enormously over-taxed and exerted, and that in the pursuit of all the wild and fleeting fancies of delirium it had travelled over miles and miles of space. To the depressing influence of this sensation is added the difficulty of disentangling the capricious illusions of the sick-bed from the actual facts of life; and in this maze of confusion my first days of convalescence were passed. Blondel was my great puzzle. Was he a reality, or a mere creature of imagination? Had I really ridden him as a horse, or only as an idea? Was he a quadruped with mane and tail, or an allegory invented to typify destiny? I cannot say what hours of painful brain labour this inquiry cost me, and what intense research into myself. Strange enough, too, though I came out of the investigation convinced of his equine existence, I arrived at the conclusion that he was a "horse and something more." Not that I am able to explain myself more fully on that head, though, if I were writing this portion of my memoirs in German, I suspect I could convey enough of my meaning to give a bad headache to any one indulgent enough to follow me.

I set out once more upon my pilgrimage on a fine day of June, my steps directed to the village of Inistioge, where Father Dyke resided. I was too weak for much exertion, and it was only after five days of the road I reached at nightfall the little glen in which the village stood. The moon was up, streaking the wide market-places with long lines of yellow light between the rows of tall elm-trees, and tipping with silvery sheen the bright eddies of the beautiful river that rolled beside it. Over the granite cliffs that margined the stream, laurel, and arbutus, and wild holly clustered in wild luxuriance, backed higher up again by tall pine-trees, whose leafy summits stood out against the sky; and lastly, deep within a waving meadow, stood an old ruined abbey, whose traceried window was now softly touched by the moonlight. All was still and silent, except the rush of the rapid river, as I sat down upon a stone bench to enjoy the scene and luxuriate in its tranquil serenity. I had not believed Ireland contained such a spot, for there was all the trim neatness and careful propriety of an English village, with that luxuriance of verdure and wild beauty so eminently Irish. How was it that I had never heard of it before? Were others aware of it, or was the discovery strictly my own? Or can it possibly be that all this picturesque loveliness is but the effect of a mellow moon? While I thus questioned myself, I heard the sound of a quick footstep rapidly approaching, and soon afterwards the pleasant tone of a rich voice humming an opera air. I

arose, and saw a tall, athletic-looking figure, with rod and fishing-basket, approaching me.

" May I ask you, sir," said I, addressing him, " if this village contains an inn?"

" There is, or rather there was, a sort of inn here," said he, removing his cigar as he spoke; " but the place is so little visited, that I fancy the landlord found it would not answer, and so it is closed at this moment."

" But do visitors—tourists—never pass this way?"

" Yes; and a few salmon-fishers, like myself, come occasionally in the season; but then we dispose ourselves in little lodgings, here and there, some of us with the farmers, one or two of us with the priest."

" Father Dyke?" broke I in.

" Yes; you know him, perhaps?"

" I have heard of him, and met him, indeed," added I, after a pause. " Where may his house be?"

" The prettiest spot in the whole glen. If you'd like to see it in this picturesque moonlight, come along with me."

I accepted the invitation at once, and we walked on together. The easy, half-careless tone of the stranger, the loose, lounging stride of his walk, and a certain something in his mellow voice, seemed to indicate one of those natures which, so to say, take the world well—temperaments that reveal themselves almost immediately. He talked away about fishing, as he went, and appeared to take a deep interest in the sport, not heeding much the ignorance I betrayed on the subject, nor my ignoble confession that I had never adventured upon anything higher than a worm and a quill.

" I'm sure," said he, laughingly, " Tom Dyke never encouraged you in such sporting tackle, glorious fly-fisher as he is."

" You forget, perhaps," replied I, " that I scarcely have any acquaintance with him. We met once only, at a dinner party."

" He's a pleasant fellow," resumed he; " devilish wide awake, one must say; up to most things in this same world of ours."

" That much, my own brief experience of him can confirm," said I, dryly, for the remark rather jarred upon my feelings.

" Yes," said he, as though following out his own train of thought. " Old Tom is not a bird to be snared with coarse lines. The man must be an early riser that catches him napping."

I cannot describe how all this irritated me. It sounded like so much direct sarcasm upon my weakness and want of acuteness.

" There's the 'Rosary'; that's his cottage," said he, taking my arm, while he pointed upward to a little jutting promontory of rock over the river, surmounted by a little thatched cottage almost embowered in roses and honeysuckles. So completely did it occupy the narrow limits of ground, that the windows projected actually over the stream, and the creeping plants that twined through the little balconies hung in tangled masses over the water. " Search where you will through the Scottish and Cumberland scenery,

"I defy you to match that," said my companion; "not to say that you can hook a four-pound fish from that little balcony on any summer evening while you smoke your cigar."

"It is a lovely spot, indeed," said I, inhaling with ecstasy the delicious perfume which, in the calm night air, seemed to linger in the atmosphere.

"He tells me," continued my companion—"and I take his word for it, for I am no florist—that there are seventy varieties of the rose on and around that cottage. I can answer for it, that you can't open a window without a great mass of flowers coming, in showers, over you. I told him, frankly, that if I were his tenant for longer than the fishing season, I'd clear half of them away."

"You live there, then?" asked I, timidly.

"Yes; I rent the cottage, all but two rooms, which he wished to keep for himself, but which he now writes me word may be let, for this month and the next, if a tenant offer. Would you like them?" asked he, abruptly.

"Of all things—that is—I think so—I should like to see them first!" muttered I, half startled by the suddenness of the question.

"Nothing easier," said he, opening a little wicket as he spoke, and beginning to ascend a flight of narrow steps cut in the solid rock. "This is a path of my designing," continued he; "the regular approach is on the other side; but this saves fully half a mile of road, though it be a little steep."

As I followed him up the ascent, I proposed to myself a variety of questions, such as, where and how I was to procure accommodation for the night, and in what manner to obtain something to eat, of which I stood much in need? and I had gained a little flower-garden at the rear of the cottage before I could resolve any of these difficult points.

"Here we are," said he, drawing a long breath. "You can't see much of the view at this hour; but to-morrow, when you stand on this spot, and look down that reach of the river, with Mont Alto in the background, you'll tell me if you know anything finer!"

"Is that Edward?" cried a soft voice; and at the same instant a young girl came hastily out of the cottage, and throwing her arms around my companion, exclaimed, "How you have alarmed me! What could possibly have kept you out so late?"

"A broad-shouldered fish, a fellow weighing twelve pounds at the very least, and who, after nigh three hours' playing, got among the rocks, and smashed my tackle."

"And you lost him?"

"That did I, and some twenty yards of gut, and the top splice of my best rod, and my temper besides. But I'm forgetting: Mary, here is a gentleman who will, I hope, not refuse to join us at supper.—My sister."

By the manner of presentation, it was clear that he expected to hear my name, and so I interposed, "Mr. Potts—Algernon Sydney Potts."

The young lady curtseyed slightly, muttered something like a repetition of the invitation, and led the way into the cottage.

My astonishment was great at the "interior" now before me, for though all the arrangements bespoke habits of comfort and even luxury, there was a studious observance of cottage style in everything, the book-shelves, the tables, the very pianoforte, being all made of white unvarnished wood; and I now perceived that the young lady herself, with a charming coquetry, had assumed something of the costume of the Oberland, and wore her bodice laced in front, and covered with silver embroidery both tasteful and becoming.

"My name is Crofton," said my host, as he disengaged himself of his basket and tackle; "we are almost as much strangers here as yourself. I came here for the fishing, and mean to take myself off when it's over."

"I hope not, Edward," broke in the girl, who was now, with the assistance of a servant woman, preparing the table for supper; "I hope you'll stay till we see the autumn tints on those trees."

"My sister is just as great an enthusiast about sketching as I am for salmon-fishing," said he, laughingly; "and for my own part, I like scenery and landscape very well, but think them marvellously heightened by something like sport. Are you an angler?"

"No," said I; "I know nothing of the gentle craft."

"Fond of shooting, perhaps? Some men think the two sports incompatible."

"I am an inexpert with the gun as the rod," said I, diffidently.

I perceived that the sister gave a sly look under her long eyelashes towards me, but what its meaning I could not well discover. Was it depreciation of a man who avowed himself unacquainted with the sports of the field, or was it a quiet recognition of claims more worthy of regard? At all events, I perceived that she had very soft, gentle-looking grey eyes, a very fair skin, and a profusion of beautiful brown hair. I had not thought her pretty at first. I now saw that she was extremely pretty, and her figure, though slightly given to fulness, the perfection of grace.

Hungry, almost famished as I was, with a fast of twelve hours, I felt no impatience so long as she moved about in preparation for the meal. How she disposed the little table equipage, the careful solicitude with which she arranged the fruit and the flowers—not always satisfied with her first dispositions, but changing them for something different—all interested me vastly, and when at last we were summoned to table, I actually felt sorry and disappointed.

Was it really so delicious, was the cookery so exquisite? I own frankly that I am not a trustworthy witness, but if my oath could be taken, I am willing to swear that I believe there never were such salmon steaks, such a pigeon-pie, and such a damson-tart served to mortals

as these. My enthusiasm, I suspect, must have betrayed itself in some outward manifestation, for I remember Crofton laughingly having remarked,

" You will turn my sister's head, Mr. Potts, by such flatteries; all the more, since her cookery is self-taught."

" Don't believe him, Mr. Potts; I have studied all the great masters of the art, and you shall have an omelette to-morrow for breakfast, Brillat Savarin himself would not despise."

I blushed at the offer of an hospitality so neatly and delicately insinuated, and had really no words to acknowledge it, nor was my confusion unfavourably judged by my hosts. Crofton marked it quickly, and said,

" Yes, Mr. Potts, and I'll teach you to hook a trout afterwards. Meanwhile, let us have a glass of Sauterne together; we drink it out of green glasses, to cheat ourselves into the fancy that it's Rhenish."

" Am Rhein, am Rhein, da wachsen unsre Reben," said I, quoting the students' song.

" Oh, have you been in Germany?" cried she, eagerly.

" Alas! no," said I. " I have never travelled." I thought she looked disappointed as I said this. Indeed, I already wished it unsaid, but her brother broke in with,

" We are regular vagabonds, Mr. Potts. My sister and myself have had a restless paroxysm for the last three years of life, and what with seeking cold spots for the summer and hot climates for winter, we are scarcely ever off the road."

" Like the gentleman, I suppose, who eat oysters for appetite, but carried his system so far as to induce indigestion." My joke failed; nobody laughed, and I was overwhelmed with confusion, which I was fain to bury in my strawberries and cream.

" Let us have a little music, Mary," said Crofton. " Do you play, or sing, Mr. Potts?"

" Neither. I do nothing," cried I, in despair. " As Sydney Smith says, 'I know something about the Romans,' but, for any gift or grace which could adorn society, or make time pass more pleasantly, I am an utter bankrupt."

The young girl had, while I was speaking, taken her place at the pianoforte, and was half listlessly suffering her hands to fall in chords over the instrument.

" Come out upon this terrace, here," cried Crofton to me, " and we'll have our cigar. What I call a regular luxury after a hard day is to lounge out here in the cool night air, and enjoy one's weed while listening to Spohr or Beethoven."

It was really delightful. The bright stars were all reflected in the calm river down below, and a thousand odours floated softly on the air as we sat there.

Are there not in every man's experience short periods in which he seemed to have lived longer than during whole years of life? They tell us there are certain conditions of the atmosphere, inappreciable as to the qualities, which

seem to ripen wines, imparting to young fresh vintages all the mellow richness of age, all the depth of flavour, all the velvety softness of time. May there not possibly be influences which similarly affect our natures? May there not be seasons in which changes as great as these are wrought within us? I firmly believe it, and as firmly that such a period was that in which I sat on the balcony over the Nore, listening to Mary Crofton as she sang, but just as often lost to every sound, and deep in a heaven of blended enjoyments, of which no one ingredient was in the ascendant. Starry sky, rippling river, murmuring night winds, perfumed air, floating music, all mingling as do the odours of an incense, and, like an incense, filling the brain with a delicious intoxication.

Hour after hour must have passed with me in this half-conscious ecstasy, for Crofton at last said,

" There, where you see that pinkish tint through the grey, that's the sign of breaking day, and the signal for bedtime. Shall I show you your room?"

" How I wish this could last for ever!" cried I, rapturously; and then, half ashamed of my warmth, I stammered out a good night, and retired.

THE COST OF A BATTUE.

THE time may come when the fondest hopes of the Very Reverend Dean Doleful, and Friend Boanerges Broadbrim, will be realised; when all violent muscular amusements having been discontinued, pheasants and partridges having become as scarce as bustards, foxes as rare as the old English black rat, devoured by the brown Hanoverian, hunting and shooting amusements as obsolete as the tournaments of the middle ages, gunpowder mills and kennels will be turned into cotton-factories, or lecture-rooms. About the same time the youth of England will be satisfied with constitutional walks and gymnastic drill, varied by tea-meetings, lectures on the ologies, or part-singing.

The love of sport, as we in England comprehensively term a long line of exciting and pecuniarily unprofitable out-door amusements, is at present one of the marked characteristics of an Englishman. It prevails in all classes, it is understood by both sexes, and it crops out in the most curious and unexpected families. Quakers ride to hounds: one of the greatest masters of horse-knowledge is a distinguished and intellectual member of that mild and stay-at-home sect. A wealthy and serious soap-boiler of our acquaintance, who, from a misdirected letter, learned that his son and partner, in the teeth of parental precept and example, had for several years combined the best shooting and hunting with his annual northern business tours, was by no means alone in his misfortune, although quite as much astonished and nearly as much shocked as if he had discovered his otherwise exemplary offspring robbing a till or forging an acceptance. As will happen with

others of like tenets now and then, his precepts and example had not crushed a sportsman, but had cultivated a hypocrite.

Shopkeepers, brokers of stock and of produce, lawyers, civil engineers, bankers and their clerks, supply a large proportion of the fishing men, the shooting men, and the hunting men. The navy grown into a contractor (no uncommon metamorphose a few years ago), the potboy converted into a wine-merchant and landowner, the mechanic who has built up a fortune as well as a factory, the gardener and the fishmonger, the artist and architect, who—from small beginnings and humble origin have risen to be great and famous—all hold shares in the great joint-stock company for cultivating health, exercise, and mental rest, sociability, geniality, hospitality, and other virtues difficult to cultivate in this hard-working, class-divided world of England.

The peculiar school of money-making philosophers who look upon squires, pheasants, and foxes as all alike—vermin—and destined to be extinguished by the march of agricultural improvement, would be rather puzzled if any chance should lead them to join an agricultural-minded public dinner, by the manner in which the toast of "Fox-hunting" wakes up to light and life those down-trodden vassals, the tenant farmers, whom, in their poetical eloquence, they often picture as mourning in their melancholy homesteads, crops destroyed and fences smashed by the red-coated invaders, and poultry decimated by the useless vermin of the chase; it would be amazing to them how the glad tally-hos, triumphant who-whoops, and "one cheer more," come from the very hearts of the farmers; and when the Master of Fox Hounds, who has been sitting very quiet, gets up and says not fluently—for he seldom is fluent except when on horseback—that "he wishes to show sport, but cannot do so without the farmers to back him as they have done, and he hopes they will still," an overflowing simultaneous burst of applause from the brown-red faces drowns the conclusion of the sentence, and enables the M.F.H. to resume his seat. And if our politico-philosophical philanthropist should, by any force less than that of cart-horses and cart-ropes—say in search of a profitable investment—be drawn into a truly rural district to some comfortable four or five hundred acre farm just after harvest, he would learn what genuine hospitality is; and then, in the fox-hunting season, he might note young farmers riding "like mad" in front, and old ones inviting friends and strangers to trot round and take a glass of ale. In fact, he would find that there is not a well-farmed district in England in which *fair* sport is not popular with the real farmers.

But there is another kind of sport, a bastard selfish sport, if sport it can be called, which has been so well dissected and injected and presented in all its hideous deformity, in a pamphlet,* that

we cannot do better than take our examples from the anatomical museum of the author—descendant of a long generation of sportsmen.

A battue is a contrivance for killing the largest quantity of game in the smallest time, with the least amount of trouble, by a small select party. It is next door to firing at wild German swine while taking their daily meal of corn, as some German princes do, or shooting into a poultry-yard at feeding time.

The sportsman fond of shooting, expects to walk hard and work hard to fill his bag, as the phrase goes; although, by the way, game in this country is seldom bagged, if it can be helped, but carried daintily by an attendant, in a sort of portable pillory. The peculiar charm of a battue appears to lie, first, in its enormous cost, which places it out of the reach of men of moderate means; next, in the arrangements for wholesale slaughter by people who, being neither good shots nor good walkers, are unable to take advantage of the working of well-trained dogs.

For a battue, it is essential to concentrate an enormous head of game in a confined space. Thus, after birds have been bred on the plan of a well-managed poultry-yard, hatched under hens, and fed regularly on chosen spots, they are driven, if partridges, into selected turnip fields, and if pheasants, into coverts, where certain rides or paths have been stopped up with netting, so that the tame birds may not *run* out of danger.

The landowner or game-renter who determines to indulge in the ostentatious luxury of a battue, begins by engaging a large army of keepers, who are practically, if not legally, invested with an authority that can only be compared in its exercise to the functions and privileges of the police and spies of certain continental states. It is the gamekeeper's business to repress poachers; to encourage the breeding of every kind of game, feathered and four footed, on every acre of land under his master's control; and to destroy everything he chooses to call vermin. Rabbits—the especial enemy of the farmer, being the head gamekeeper's peculiar perquisite—are specially protected and multiplied. A gamekeeper has been known to net three hundred pounds a year by rabbits alone. Hares are the next objects of his care, for they are safe and favourite battue marks, and he does not do his duty unless they are at least as plentiful as sheep on turnips within a mile circle of the principal battue coverts.

Then, in the breeding season, it is his business to find out every outlying pheasant, and every partridge's nest, and have it watched, as a "political suspect" is watched by a French mouchard. The farmer (that is, the tenant-at-will farmer) and his men, are continually under the ever-watchful and malicious eye of the keeper and his understrappers, who are promoted poachers, or lazy labourers. "There is nothing," says Mr. Corbet, "they can do but it is 'his duty' to overlook them. He stands by the mowers to see they do no harm to 'his nests.' He struts into the reaping field to make sure they don't

* The Over-Preservation of Game: a Paper read before the Central Farmers' Club. By Henry Corbet, the Secretary. March 5, 1860.

harm 'his birds.' The boy with his scarecrow, the shepherd with his dog, and the little lass with her kitten, are alike the objects of his hatred and tyranny. He has been known to wrench gun from the hand of a farmer's son for shooting a rat; to tell a farmer himself that he should prefer his not firing at the sparrows in the corn, as it was 'such a trouble to be always coming to see what he was after'; to inform against a farmer for picking up a hare his horse had killed in her form; and against a labourer who had taken the dead pheasant out of the snare which he (the keeper), to secure a conviction and confirm his suspicions, had first put there."

Besides these protective duties, the keeper destroys all the birds and animals which feed on and keep down the vermin of the farm. The "windhover" or kestrel, and the barn owl, two birds which prey on mice and beetles exclusively; the weasel, as well as the fox; are pursued by him with relentless activity. The consequence is, that, wherever game is strictly preserved, rats, mice, and beetles, swarm like an Egyptian plague, and foxes are not to be found.

Agricultural improvements come within the range of objects offensive to the view of the battue-preserved. Some years ago, a ukase was issued on certain great estates, against the use of the turnip drill, because partridges were apt to run along the straight lines under the broad green leaves of that invaluable plant, instead of rising on the wing. But the weight of the rent-paying interest, which is fortunately dependent in all partridge counties on the root crop, defeated, after a brief contest, this attempt to stop the way of agricultural progress. Since that time, however, the use of artificial manures, of reaping machines (as cutting the stubble too close), and the wholesome practice of trimming banks and cutting hedges, have successively, and in the last instance too often successfully, been prohibited by zealous and ignorant game preserving landlords.

Where time is an object, where two or three years are too long for the preparations of an impatient battue maniac, then breeding and vermin killing do not suffice, and resort is had to the illegal purchase of eggs and of birds. Tomkins Trotman, thatcher by profession and poacher by taste, is haled off to prison for being caught with a dozen pheasant's eggs in his Jim Crow hat, by the sentence of a magistrate who has through his head gamekeeper bought or sold a couple of thousand eggs that very same season. So large is this illegal traffic, that one of the London game dealers, by whose intermediation such transactions are usually concluded, offered last year, in answer to an application from the executors of a great game preserving landlord, to take one hundred thousand pheasant's eggs, as fast as they could be delivered; and he bought five hundred live pheasants every week for several weeks, from a well-known earl and battue-giver.

The Earl of Washington and Slashington, or Squire Southacre, or the Reverend Mr. Vulpecula, or David Deadun, Esq. attorney and bill discounter, and in virtue of the profits of these professions owner of a mansion with demesnes and the right of shooting over some ten thousand acres—although not the owner of a single acre—having completed, early in the year, arrangements for holding one, two, or at most three, battues between October and Christmas, and having enabled from a dozen to a score of guns to fill a two-horse waggon on each eventful day—and having, also, concluded an arrangement with a London tradesman for the sale of the produce of each day's butchery—will probably not be seen or heard of in the district any more until next year: except through his dogs in office, the gamekeepers, or his viceroys, the law agents who collect the rents.

The consequences of this abuse of sport—this mixture of the game slaughterer's and the game seller's callings—are to be found in crops ill cultivated, because devoured and destroyed before harvest; in discontented farmers and demoralised labourers; in gaols supplied with artificial criminals; in poor-houses tenanted by the wives and children of the imprisoned poachers; in London shops loaded with tamed game, wheat-ricks swarming with rats, hedgerows ruined by rabbits, hares taking the place and the food of sheep, and pheasants as wild as Cochin Chinas and a good deal fatter.

Of course the vast cost produces very imposing statistics of the "sport" (?) of the battue manufacturer. The following is an extract from the game book of a nobleman, which last year went the round of the local papers, with some complimentary remarks on the excellent sport which the distinguished peer had shown his friends: "1st day, 178 hares; 2nd day, 292; 3rd day, 60; 4th day, 195; 5th day, 77; in all, 802 hares in five days, besides countless pheasants and rabbits."

A competent authority, Mr. Grey, of Dilston, the agent of the Greenwich Hospital estates in the north, says: "Look at the progress of a single hare in a wheat field; you see him pick a stem here and a stem there, in his course over the field; he will nibble an inch or two from this stem, and he does not stop until he has cut off a great many. It is not the inch he has eaten, but what would have been a wheat-eat, which is thus destroyed." Hares are great travellers. Imagine the damage that eight hundred hares can do in a single night. We have ourselves ridden, in the dusk of the evening, through a forty-acre field—on the farm of a non-resident landlord in Lincolnshire, which was eventually abandoned by the tenant in consequence of the hare nuisance—and have disturbed hundreds of hares, as thick as rabbits in a warren, all eating, and trampling in their play more than they ate.

Rabbits, when strictly preserved, are perhaps even more mischievous than hares. Although they do not travel so far, they multiply more

rapidly. They undermine hedges, stop up drains, fill ditches with their fresh earthings; thus, between their dainty teeth, their greedy appetites, and their poisonous droppings, vegetation is annihilated wherever gamekeepers are paid by perquisites instead of by salary, as is often the case where the game preserver is non-resident. When we hear of keepers clearing their two and three hundred per annum by the sale of "coney," we know that the farmer loses at least two for every one hundred pounds thus pocketed. By the law, rabbits are not game, and, therefore, the unlicensed tenant is at liberty to destroy them; but short-sighted landlords step in with a special agreement reserving the nuisance, and then transfer the right to their servant: "that is to say, the gamekeeper has a direct interest in maintaining a stock of the vermin which are above all others the most prolific and most mischievous to the farmer."

Live rats are worth in London, at certain times of the year, two or three shillings a dozen. Let us imagine the sensation that would be produced by a landlord reserving, when letting a farm, the right of catching rats and then transferring the privilege to a servant or London dog-fancier, who would, of course, at once set about annihilating traps, ferrets, and terriers. As it is, gamekeepers not only wage war on the mice-destroying birds, but shoot the terriers, and trap the cats that kill the rats; thus, the balance of nature is, as it were, upset, and vermin increase inordinately.

As for the poor cats, there is strong reason to believe that keepers use drugs, such as valerian, on their domiciliary visits, to entice them to wander from their legitimate pursuits, into unlawful paths, and thus increase the grinning trophies of the "Gamekeeper's museum" nailed on a barn-door. Mr. Buckland, in his amusing Curiosities of Natural History, tells of a gamekeeper who purchased distant and domestic cats to swell the evidences of his zeal. As for dogs, a battue-manufacturer in a moment of candour declared that a farmer had no business with any dogs, and that "the shepherd's collie was a useless nuisance," for ever disturbing and attracting his master's eye to the sacred animals which in England occupy the place of the cats and the ibis of the ancient Egyptians, and the bulls of the modern Hindoo.

Under the influence of this religion, we have had magistrates, and clergymen too, convicting and fining a farmer for picking up a hare killed in her form by his horse's foot,* sending a labourer to prison for pocketing a leveret "the size of a rat," which had been first mortally wounded by a companion's scythe while mowing; and the young daughters of a farmer, returning from a social party along the high road, have been first brutally assaulted by gamekeepers, and then fined on the charge of hunting game with the house-dog they had with them for their protection.

And what is the repayment for all the destruction of corn and roots, of man's food and cattle food; all the burdens imposed on farmers, poor-rates and gaol-rates, which ought to be called poachers' rates; all this demoralisation of labourers, tempted beyond human endurance by half tame birds and beasts scattered in their path like so many live half-crowns, squeaking "Come sell me! come sell me!" It ends in some half-dozen blasé gentlemen lazily turning out about mid-day, placed with due regard to rank and precedent by the head keeper at certain favoured spots, at the head of rides, where the game driven up by the beaters and stopped by nets comes up in droves on to "hot corners," and the final sport consists in a bouquet of pheasants shot by sportsmen who have nothing to do but blaze away as fast as the loaders can hand them their guns. Which noble result is duly recorded in a paragraph in the Morning Toast-rack, relating how the Earl of Wholesale and Retail, Lord Kiockupadust, the Honourable Frank Fastman, and three or four other great guns at his lordship's magnificent seat, the Slaughter-House, in the course of the morning killed some two hundred pheasants, a hundred and fifty hares, three hundred rabbits, two woodcocks and a water-hen, seriously wounded a jacksnipe and a beater; and, it might be, but is not, added, "half ruined a tenant farmer." Well may the Secretary of the Farmers' Club observe: "What exercise—what skill—what of the excitement or the prowess of a sportsman's life is there in this?" The lad who gets his three shots a penny at the tiny running hare in the famous Home preserve at Cremorne, may be quite as good a marksman; the worthy citizen who sits in his punt under Marlow-bridge, pulling up gudgeons as fast as the boatman can pull them off, enjoys a vast deal more of glowing exertion. And, what is more, the punt-fishing enthusiast does give the silly gudgeons a choice and a chance of his line. To parallel the battue, the fisherman should cast his line in a well-stored basin, or a tub duly filled overnight with hungry roach and dace.

The extent to which the mania for easy shooting, and a complimentary puff in the newspaper, is carried, may be illustrated by the fact that a few seasons ago, a nobleman being about to shoot in an outlying wood in which there was little or no game, ordered his keeper to put some pheasants in overnight. The poachers did not, on this occasion, get at the secret, as they sometimes do. In the morning came my lord and his party—pretty good shots all of them—and famous sport they had: so good, in fact, that after lunch they wanted to go back to the big wood; but the keeper hesitated, and, when pressed, explained that "it was of no use my lord going there again; they had killed a hundred and eighty and odd pheasants already, and he had only turned down a couple of hundred."

This is the ridiculous side of the question; but there is a lower deep. Pheasants well fed may be kept at home, and it may be pre-

* This conviction was reversed on appeal to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue.

sumed that, in many instances, or on great estates, they are not fed on the farmer's produce, or, if so fed, that the tenant gains in rent what he loses in game — though this would be rather strong presumption in a case last season, where, on the property of a noted game-preserving peer in Suffolk, towards the close of an autumn afternoon *three hundred* pheasants were counted round a tenant's barley-stack. But then, when the battue is over; when, to paraphrase Dryden,

They are all shot down and vanished hence,
Three days of slaughter at a vast expense,

where do they go? To market generally, to compete with the expensively dairy-fed pork and poultry of the farmer class, who feed their landlord's more sacred animals for nothing. After one of these double-barrelled festivals in Essex last year, pheasants and hares were sold at a *shilling a head*, and rabbits were cheaper than meat or poultry. We know a parish within an easy rail-ride of London, where farmers with lands overrun with game, are obliged, when they want a brace of pheasants or a hare, to send to Leadenhall-market and buy them. And their landlord, who does not shoot himself, hires his shooting out to a stranger.

We have referred to the popularity of the Master of the Fox-hounds; we mean, of course, the master who takes pains to make himself liked by all classes; who does not forget the farmers in the game season, or the farmers' wives in personal politeness or payment for poultry. But who is hated like a battue game preserver, especially a pheasant-preserving parson? Ask the farmers in Nottinghamshire, say in Sherwood Forest; ask them in Norfolk or in Suffolk; or, if great landlord doubts, let him try the toast ingeniously proposed by the Secretary of the Farmers' Club, and give at a lively agricultural dinner after the tally-hos have died away, "The truly British sport of Battue Shooting," and let him, in a neat speech, thank the farmers for having enabled him to kill hundreds upon hundreds of hares and pheasants in a day, "and trust they will still continue to enable him to show sport to his fashionable guests."

The honest truth is, that the battue system is as dishonest as it is ridiculous; and the sooner public opinion, which is much more powerful than acts of parliament, washes it clean away, the better for the landlords in a rent-paying, in a popular, a social, and a political sense. Good sport, on the other hand, is consistent with well-paid rents, and the widest and warmest popularity among tenants. What says Squire Shirley, owner of a fine estate, formerly M.P. for a county, a Conservative in politics, and as good a sportsman as ever followed a brace of pointers, or put a horse at a fence, in his evidence before a committee of the House of Commons?

"I am very fond of shooting, but my amusement is shooting with my own dogs and walking. I never sold any game in my life. I have shot

two or three times at battues, and don't like it. In Norfolk, at my brother-in-law's, in a battue, I remember we were ten guns, and there were three or four guns fired at each bird; each man had his servant behind him, who scored the birds to you or to me, so that at the end of the day there was a list of a vast number more heads of game killed, than were in the bag. . . . Before I came into Sussex, I was a game preserver in Warwickshire upon the estate of Lord Digby. I could not afford to spend much upon game preserving, but I had as good shooting as I could wish. And it was preserved entirely by the tenants themselves. I had only one person I could call a gamekeeper. I was dependent entirely on the farmers for my sport; and they were so hospitable, that my difficulty was, not to get tipsy with their strong ale, and indigestion with the pork pies they brought out to me in the field. They had a right to kill rabbits, and hares by coursing, and I would never shoot a hare so as to interfere with their coursing. They marked for me, and the shepherds and labourers kept all intruders off. In my whole life I never knew such civility and kindness."

CAPTAIN WINTERFIELD'S ADVENTURES.

FOUND with thankfulness in the book-closet of a country-house during a rainy day this summer, an old pamphlet, entitled *The Voyages, Distresses, and Adventures of Captain Winterfield*, written by Himself. The book bears date 1802, price sixpence, and is one of a series called *the English Nights Entertainments*, which was printed for Ann Lemoine, Whiterose-court, Coleman-street. The whole series boasts to consist of "a Selection of Histories, Adventures, Lives, &c., by the most celebrated Authors." In reality, it consists of most tremendous "Gothic romances," and most unauthentic ghost stories, with here and there a veracious chronicle of English courage and endurance by sea and land. An account of the adventures of Captain Winterfield are among them.

Grief for the untimely loss of his young wife urged Captain Winterfield into active military service. He sailed for America on the outbreak of the War of Independence, leaving his infant daughter in the care of his widowed mother. This step was the beginning of his strange adventures. He contracted a close intimacy with his superior officer, Colonel Bellinger, who was, like himself, a native of North Britain, and for four years they constantly fought together, and neither of them received the least hurt. At length the captain was slightly wounded in the leg, and during the illness consequent on the wound, was constantly attended by his comrade, who pledged himself, on the honour of a soldier, to provide for the mother and daughter of his friend in case of a more fatal casualty. The colonel, however, almost immediately after-

wards, was in still greater need of the offices of friendship. A hunting party was planned into a neighbouring wood, consisting of four officers, who agreed to divide two and two, and not to penetrate more than a mile without forming a junction. The colonel and captain were together; they had not advanced above six hundred yards when they were alarmed by a discharge of musketry. Retracing their steps, they found six armed savages engaged with the officers from whom they had just separated. Two more savages lay wounded upon the ground. The colonel and captain levelling their pieces, brought down two, and the remainder precipitately fled towards a thicket where the colonel was stationed; and, before he could reload had beaten him down with their muskets, and would have instantly despatched him with their tomahawks, had not three of them been at the moment transfixed by the bayonets of the three other officers. The fourth savage was in the act of striking the unconscious colonel, when he, too, was brought to the ground by Winterfield and bayoneted. The colonel had sustained two terrible fractures of the skull, and for weeks lay between life and death. The surgeon, in despair of reducing the principal fracture, recommended the application of the trepan; but this was vehemently opposed by the colonel, to whom the captain also gave his support, alleging "that he had seen worse fractures totally healed by a more patient process under a less skilful surgeon." This declaration had its full effect both on surgeon and patient. The colonel recovered without the trepan, and in gratitude to his friend, forced him to accept a present of three thousand pounds.

One morning, word was brought by an officer in command of twenty men, that he had been chased to within half a league of the camp by a band of more than a hundred savages. As the colonel was still confined to his tent, Captain Winterfield ordered out a hundred men, who were to follow at a distance, while he himself, with ten more men, advanced to reconnoitre. At the distance of about five miles they fell into an ambuscade of upwards of a hundred savages. The captain's little party retreated, keeping up a running fire until they reached their reserve, when they immediately turned on their pursuers, and totally routed them. They continued the pursuit until they fell into a second ambuscade of at least fifteen hundred savages, who instantly cut off the foremost of the party. The captain escaped with several wounds, a defeat, and the loss of almost all his company.

His wounds compelled him to return to England, and he set sail from New York, as the bearer of despatches from General Cornwallis. The vessel had only a single deck, and was a bad sailer. The season was the depth of winter, and they frequently shipped such heavy seas that they could scarcely keep the vessel above water, and occasionally they lost their canvas in the heavy squalls of the Atlantic. Having nearly run out their reckoning, they began to look out for land, which they expected to

be in the north of Ireland; but, just at that time when the weather became worse, their last standing jib was blown to ribbons, and they had great difficulty in bending the remaining part of the sail. The next day the wind shifted to the north-west, and blew still more violently, carrying away their two fore-main shrouds. And thus it continued for several days, until the only bit of canvas they had left, was the main-sail itself. The long conflict occasioned their vessel to leak exceedingly, and their provisions were so much exhausted that they found it necessary to come to an allowance of two pounds of bread a week for each person, besides a quart of water and a pint of wine a day. They had now been at sea more than two months, and had only spoken two vessels, which were unable to relieve them through the severity of the gale. They soon fell under the necessity of contracting the allowance made to each man, and continued gradually to lessen it until every morsel was exhausted, and not above two gallons of dirty water remained in the bottom of the cask. In this situation they beat upon the water for seven days. Winterfield himself was, from illness and fatigue, obliged to keep the cabin; to complete their misfortunes, the captain of the ship, the only conversable person on board, died in the cot at his side. He had been in a very weakly condition throughout the passage, and sank suddenly under his privations, leaving by will, the vessel—which was his own—in the possession of Captain Winterfield.

The first thing the sailors did, after the captain's death, was to seize the cargo, which consisted of wine and brandy. They then commenced the most reckless excess in drinking and blasphemy. Captain Winterfield abstained from wine, and gladly husbanded the dregs of the water-cask, which afterwards proved of infinite service to him. Their vessel continued to be tossed about by the unabated gale, when suddenly, in the midst of their despair, they were transported with the discovery of a sail to leeward. They hung out signals of distress, and had the unspeakable satisfaction of coming near enough to converse with the ship and receive from the captain an assurance of relief. Scarcely, however, had Winterfield crept back to his cabin, when his people came running below, with looks of unutterable despair, and informed him that the vessel was making off from them as fast as she could. It was too true. The captain had shaken the reefs out of his topsails and mainsail, and in five hours was entirely out of sight. So long as the poor fellows could retain the least trace of him, they hung about the shrouds, or ran in a state of frenzy from one part of the ship to another. They pierced the air with their cries, and strained their eyeballs to preserve the retreating ship in sight. At this time Winterfield was worn to a skeleton with fasting and fatigue; he was labouring under a dreadful flux; and had a severe rheumatism in his left knee; his sight was also considerably impaired.

A desperate kind of gloom now took possession

of the ship's company. They seemed determined to delay their impending doom till the last moment. They turned their attention to two pigeons and a cat, the only living creatures left on board. The pigeons were killed for their Christmas dinner, and the cat was disposed of the day after. They cast lots for the several parts, as there were no less than nine to partake of the repast. The head fell to the captain, and never did he taste anything so delicious. When the cat was entirely consumed, they began to scrape the barnacles from the ship's bottom; but the relief afforded by this expedient was extremely trivial, as the waves had beaten off the greater number above water, and the men were too weak to hang over the ship's side. Winterfield at this time subsisted entirely on the dirty water, half a pint of which, with a few drops of "Turlington's Balsam," formed his whole allowance for the four-and-twenty hours.

On the twenty-eighth of December they were overtaken again by a most dreadful storm, which tore away their only remaining sail, and reduced the vessel to a complete wreck. At this time they had not an inch of candle, nor a morsel of flesh to make any, having long since eaten up every appearance of either which could be found. The last morsel of meat they had tasted was on the twenty-sixth of December. On the thirteenth of the January following, the mate, at the head of all the people, came into the cabin, half-drunk indeed, but with looks full of horror, and informed Winterfield that "they could hold out no longer; their tobacco was entirely exhausted; they had eaten up all the leather belonging to the pump, and even the buttons of their jackets; they had no chance in nature but to cast lots, and sacrifice one of themselves for the preservation of the rest; they therefore expected his concurrence to the measure, and desired to be favoured with an immediate determination." Winterfield in vain endeavoured to dissuade them from their purpose, and at length bade them take their own course, adding that he would neither give orders for the death of the person on whom the lot might fall, nor partake of the repast. In a few minutes they came back, informing him that the lot had fallen on a negro who was part of the cargo. It was more than probable that the poor black had been unfairly treated, but the wonder was that he was allowed even the appearance of an equal chance with the rest. They dragged him to the steerage, where they shot him.

The crew husbanded the dead negro with the severest economy, and it was not until the twenty-ninth of January that the horrible necessity of another sacrifice, stared them in the face. The men again appeared in the cabin, and opened the dreadful negotiation with the captain. "They did not doubt," they said, "but that he was now hungry, and would of course take his chance with them as he had done before, when his situation was infinitely less desperate." Finding them deaf to all remonstrance, Winterfield made shift to rise in

his bed, ordered pen, ink, and paper, and called them all into the cabin. There were seven in all, and "the lots were drawn in the same way as the tickets are drawn for a lottery at Guildhall." The lot fell upon David Platt, a foremast-man, the best sailor in the ship. The shock of the decision was great, and the preparations for his execution were dreadful. The fire already blazed in the steerage, and everything was prepared for sacrificing the victim immediately. A profound silence took possession of the company, and was only broken by the victim, who appeared quite resigned.

"My dear friends, messmates, and fellow-sufferers," said he, "all I have to beg of you is to despatch me as soon as you did the negro, and to put me to as little torture as you can."

Then, turning to James Doud, the man who shot the negro, he said, "It is my desire that you should shoot me."

Doud reluctantly assented; the poor fellow then begged a small time to prepare himself for death, to which his companions willingly agreed, and even seemed at first desirous to relinquish their claims upon his life, so greatly was he respected. A few draughts of wine, however, soon suppressed those dawning of humanity; but still, they consented to let him live till eleven the next morning. At the same time they begged of the captain to read prayers; and when he exerted himself to comply with the request, they behaved with decency.

Fatigued by the reading, the captain lay down, and continued to hear the ship's company talking to poor Platt, assuring him that "although they had never been able to catch, nor even to see, a fish, they would at daybreak put out all their hooks again." Unhappily, however, the poor fellow, unable to stand the shock of his position, grew astonishingly deaf before midnight, and was quite delirious by four in the morning. His messmates then deliberated whether it would not be an act of humanity to despatch him immediately; but the resolution to spare him, preponderating, they all retired to rest, except one, who sat up to take care of the fire.

About eight next morning, two of the crew came running down into the captain's cabin, with looks full of the strangest expression, and seizing both his hands, gave him no little apprehension that they intended to sacrifice him instead of Platt. They had discovered a sail to leeward, standing towards them. This report was confirmed by the rest, and presently the whole company was watching the approach of a large vessel. At last, they saw a boat drop astern, and rapidly advance. It was soon alongside, but the appearance of the crew was so ghastly that the men rested on their oars, and with inconceivable astonishment demanded what they were. They were safely conveyed on board the American ship *Susanna*, Captain Thomas Eyres, in the Virginia trade; and were treated with every humanity. Poor Platt eventually recovered, though not without two relapses.

Captain Winterfield's voyage, however, was far from being at an end. Near Oporto the Susanna was chased by three Algerine pirates, boarded, and after a short conflict, in which "we had six slain and many wounded," taken.

This was a melancholy reverse, for they were now slaves; but Winterfield, like a brave man, consoled himself with the reflection that even slavery was a relief to their former distresses. For many weeks they were close prisoners at sea. They found a number of Englishmen in the Algerine ships, and from them they learned a smattering of the common language.

At length they arrived at Algiers, and next market day were exposed for public sale. Winterfield was sold to a Tangarene. The first adventure that he met with after he was brought to his patron's house, nearly cost him his life. His patron's father, "being desirous to see his son's pennyworth," commanded him up into the gallery which overlooked the court-yard, and there began to insult him, on the ground of his being a Christian. In reply, he signified, as well as he could, that "their prophet was but a cobbler." His meaning was that Mahomet "had packed up a cento of Jewish and monkish topceries," which composed their religion. Upon this, the old gentleman, without the preamble of railing words, fell upon him. "Whatever rage or fury his hands or feet could execute, that I felt; and my entreaties did but enrage his choler; so that I saw that I could sooner blow out the fire with a pair of bellows, than lenify his passion with prayers." He only escaped by clapping his hands on the rail of the gallery, and offering to leap into the court; further punishment was then delayed until his patron's return, when the reputed blasphemy was carried full cry to his ears. His patron instantly drew a long knife, and made at him without a word; he was only prevented by the interposition of his wife from putting an end to his slave at once.

His chief employment under this first patron was to attend upon the carpenters and smiths, who were employed in fitting up a man-of-war of more than twelve guns for a piratical expedition. When this ship was ready, his patron told him he must go in her, in spite of his representations that he was no sailor. He gave him some money, bought him clothes, and gave him provisions besides the ship's allowance. The expedition was absent nine weeks, and only effected one insignificant capture. His patron was very much the loser by this ill success, and next had recourse to an expedient which seems to have been commonly used in Algiers. He arranged that his slave should pay him two dollars a month, and live where he would, and get the money as he could. It was hard "to raise increase out of no stock, and to pay interest out of no principal;" but there was no contending, so Winterfield addressed himself to an English slave, who seems to have been circumstanced in the same way, and whom he discovered sitting in a little shop, where, however, nothing was to be seen but bare walls.

His fellow-countryman invited him to share the business.

"To what end," asked Winterfield, "since there is nothing to sell?"

"Countryman," replied the other, "I drive an unknown trade; here, I sell lead, iron, strong waters, tobacco, and many other things."

The offer was accepted, and the firm prospered so much that it ventured upon a whole butt of wine. The profits of this were so great as to upset the steadiness of Winterfield's partner, who grew a good fellow and a bad trader, and "went tipping up and down, leaving the concerns of the shop wholly upon me." A fresh partner was eventually taken in, one John Randall who had been taken in the Susanna. This poor fellow was worse off than Winterfield, for he not only had to provide his patron with two dollars a month "out of no principal," but to maintain his wife and child. He was a glover by trade, and proved a sober and honest partner. The business went on very well until one unlucky day, when the partners were detected in walking a little further from the town than was allowed for slaves, and examining the coast with too curious an eye. One of the spies, who were always on guard, ran up, and charged them with an attempt to escape. This they stoutly denied, and were carried before the viceroy and his council. On their way thither, Winterfield managed to convey his purse into the hands of an Englishman whom they met; and it was well that he did so, for before they reached the council-chamber the spies who had seized them conducted them into "a blind house," searched them, and took from John Randall all the money he possessed. Before the council they again denied all, and the batoon was commanded to be brought forth. They replied that they could not accuse themselves falsely, but must abide the pleasure of the council, "and so sat themselves down by the sticks." The council referred the decision of the case to their respective patrons, and the end of the matter was that John Randall received three hundred blows upon the soles of his feet, while Winterfield, though he escaped the batoon, was ordered to leave his shop, and work in the looms with two other English slaves who were weavers. Here he had continued for about a month, when his patron, whose affairs had long been sinking, was compelled to sell all his slaves to pay his debts. Winterfield fell to the lot of "a grave old gentleman, in whom he found not only pity and compassion, but love and friendship." This new patron had a small farm in the country about twelve miles inland, and thither he took Winterfield with him. He carried him to the markets, and taught him how to trade there, and on his return loaded him with provisions, that he might make merry with his fellow-Christians. He evidently entertained the idea of making him overseer of the farm, but the thought of liberty had not deserted Winterfield, and he dreaded being compelled to reside so far from the coast. He therefore persuaded his patron to allow him to return to his old shop

near the sea. Here he contrived a plan of escape.

His plan he communicated first to Mr. Newton, a dissenting minister, who pronounced it practicable, though very hazardous; and then to John Randall, who wished it good success. Neither of them, however, was willing to join in it. Randall could not leave his wife and child; Newton was shortly afterwards ransomed by friends in England. Winterfield then communicated his scheme to six other persons, whom he judged to be sufficient in number for its execution: John Anthony, a carpenter; William Adams, a bricklayer; John Jeph's, a seaman; John Wills, a carpenter; and two others whose employment was to wash small clothes by the sea-side. From all he exacted an oath of secrecy. When he broached his idea to his confederates, it was received with enthusiasm. He had conceived the model of a boat, to be formed in parcels and afterwards put together. This was to be "an ark to deliver them from their enemies." But, upon a moment's reflection, many serious difficulties suggested themselves. "Where was this boat to be built, where should it be launched, and where put to sea? How could we escape those Argus eyes which were ever observing us by day, or how get out of the city by night, whose walls are so high, whose gates are so closely shut and strongly guarded? How should we be rigged and victualled for so long a voyage, and whither should we bend our course? How should such a little skiff, rather than a boat, be able to weather all the accidents of the sea?" Such were the grave questions anxiously discussed by the little party of brave spirits.

Winterfield had an answer for every objection. The best place to build the boat was his own cellar; when built, it could be taken to pieces and conveyed out of the city in parcels, and stowed in secret places; it would be time enough to determine where and how to put to sea, when the vessel was ready; the island of Minorca was the best place to land at. They first provided a piece of timber, twelve feet long, for the keel. This was cut into two pieces for conveyance, and fitted to join together again. Their next care was with the ribs of the boat, which they contrived thus: Every rib consisted of three pieces, and joined in two places, because to convey out of the city a piece of timber of the size and shape of a rib would have been liable to suspicion. The joints of these ribs were not made mortice and tenon, but the flat sides of one of the pieces was laid over another, and two holes were bored at every joint, into which two nails were to be put. These two holes were not made parallel with the sides of the pieces, for in that case the three pieces of each rib would have formed one straight piece; but they were so disposed that when both the nails were in, each joint would make an obtuse angle, and so the rib would approach the semicircular form. The next thing wanted, was boarding to clothe the naked ribs. It was impossible for them to have boards,

The nailing of them on, would have aroused the Algerine spies; and if they could have been nailed with safety, they would have rendered it impossible to take the boat to pieces for conveyance. They therefore resolved to buy as much strong canvas as would cover their boat twice over, as much pitch, tar, and tallow, as would make a kind of tarpaulin searcloth, and earthen pots to melt these materials in. They fixed a night to execute that part of their labour. The two carpenters and Winterfield undertook this service in the cellar. They had stopped all the crevices, that the steam of the melting materials might not betray them, there being no chimney; presently the strong scent that arose from the work so overcame the captain that he was compelled to retire into the open street, where the fresh air overcame him, and he fell down and bruised his face. There he lay until his companions fetched him in. Another of the three was also taken ill, and the work came to a standstill. At length the door was set open, they soon recovered, and went to work and pitched one half that night. The next night they finished the whole without interruption, and carried it to the shop, which was about a furlong from the cellar, where it was laid up in store. They next had a consultation about conveying it from town, and bestowing it in some trusty place.

As Adams, the bricklayer, had long had employment outside the town, he was pitched upon as the fittest person to convey the keel, especially as he used pieces of similar shape in levelling his work. Trowel in hand, he marched cleanly away with one of the pieces on his shoulder, and hid it in the bottom of a hedge; to which place he not long afterwards conveyed the fellow piece. This succeeding, there was no great difficulty with the timbers; each of the jointed ribs was folded up, and their conveyance was entrusted to one of those whose employment was to wash small clothes in the sea. He put them into a bag with his clothes, and stowed them in different places near the keel. But how to convey the tarpaulin out of town was much more difficult. By night it was impossible, and by day the hazard was great: for the gates were strictly guarded, the spies pickarooning at every corner, the streets thronged, the bulk of the canvas great. At length it was resolved to entrust this also, to the bag of the washer of clothes: a pillow being placed upon it to delude the eye of any one who might open the bag.

They had still many things to provide, among others, oars were absolutely necessary. They took two pipe staves, and, slitting them across from corner to corner with a saw, made "two rude things" in some degree resembling oar-blades. They next procured a small quantity of bread, presuming that their stay at sea would be but short; for either they should speedily recover land, or speedily be drowned, or speedily be brought back. Two goat-skins of fresh water completed their slender victualing.

They procured some canvas for a sail, which, to stop a dispute that arose on the subject, Winterfield himself undertook to carry out; but he had not gone two furlongs before he perceived the same spy who had seized him before, following him at a quick pace. His presence of mind did not desert him. Observing an Englishman washing clothes by the sea, he proceeded to him, and appeared to ask his assistance in washing the canvas. The spy came and stood upon the rock just above their heads; but they continued unconcernedly washing the canvas, and even spread it out on the rock to dry. The spy at length took himself off, but Winterfield deemed it necessary to carry back the canvas into the city, and reported his failure to his confederates. They comforted and encouraged one another, and entered into a council as to where and how they should meet and put their boat together, and finally put to sea. They agreed to meet on a certain night at eleven o'clock, in a valley surrounded by hedges, about half a mile from the sea; and dispersed different ways, to prevent suspicion, till the time appointed.

All this while, Winterfield kept up his shop, paid his patron his wonted visits, kept fair correspondence with him, and duly paid his demands; but at the same time privately turned his goods into ready money as fast as possible, or carried them off. He stowed all in a large trunk, which he committed to the fidelity of Mr. Newton, who honourably delivered it to the owner on his return to Scotland.

As soon as they were all met together at the appointed place, their first operation was to saw down a small fig-tree, to strengthen the keel of their boat. Two of the number had to ascend the hill for this purpose; but they had scarcely got to the place when they heard the barking of dogs on the hill. Two men with dogs came very near them; but they lay close, and remained undiscovered. The scattered limbs of the boat were at last brought into one place (though not without several narrow escapes), and the whole party set to work. So near were they to persons in the neighbouring gardens, that they could hear them speak; they therefore acted by signs, and "pointed, pulled, and nodded," but were all mutes.

The two parts of the keel were soon joined, the ribs riveted, opened to their full length, and fastened to the top of the keel with rope yarn and small cords; then, small canes were bound all along the ribs lengthwise, both to keep them from wearing, and to bear out the canvas; they then made notches at the end of the ribs, in which the oars were to ply; then tied down the seats and strengthened the keel with the fig-tree, and, lastly, drew on the double tarpaulin canvas case. "Truly," says the captain, "the canvas seemed a winding-sheet for our boat, and our boat a coffin for us all." Four of the people took the boat on their shoulders and carried it down to the sea, which was half a mile off.

When they came to the sea they stripped themselves, laid their clothes in the boat, and carried it and them as far into the sea as they could wade. This was in precaution against stones or rocks, which might easily have torn a boat of so slender a construction. They then all got into her, but quickly discovered that they had miscalculated the tonnage. Their vessel began to sink. One of the company volunteered to quit the enterprise; but still they were so deeply laden that there was no venturing out to sea. At length another went ashore, and then the boat held up her head bravely. Taking a solemn farewell of their two companions, the remaining six launched out, upon the 30th of June, 1782, with the following bill of lading: John Anthony, William Adams, John Jeph's, John Wilson, William Oakley, and the captain, Winterfield.

They were now at sea without helm or pilot: without anchor, tackle, or compass. The water very soon began to soak through their canvas, and it became one man's constant work to bale it out. They laboured hard all night, but at daybreak were still within sight of the ships and galleys of Algiers. They tugged at the oar like galley-slaves, and no pursuit seems to have been attempted. They soon began to find their want of forethought in one particular. Their bread was saturated with salt water and spoiled; and their water became nauseous. "But so long as bread was bread," they complained not. With good husbandry it lasted for three days; then both bread and water were gone, and famine stared them in the face. The wind was also dead against them, and they were compelled to labour without intermission for a very trifling advance. A third great evil was the insupportable heat to which they were exposed without shelter. The climate and season were alike raging hot; and when the man who emptied the boat of water threw it upon his comrades, hoping to relieve them, their bodies rose in blisters all over. By day, they steered by a pocket-dial, which answered the purpose of a compass; by night, when the stars appeared, they steered by them; and when the stars disappeared, they guessed their way by the motion of the clouds.

In this plight they continued four days and nights. On the fifth day, they were in despair, and ceased to labour. All they did was to bale the water out of the boat. In this state, as they lay "pulling up and down at the dead ebb of hope," they discovered a turtle not far from them, asleep upon the sea. "We silently rowed to our prey, took it into the boat with great triumph, cut off her head, and let her bleed into a pot; we drank the blood, eat the liver, and sucked the flesh." Supplied with fresh strength, they rowed so heartily that about noon they thought they discovered land, and after some hours of exertion became satisfied of the fact. In the exuberance of their joy, they all leaped into the sea, despite the numerous sharks, and, after a delicious bath, lay down to sleep. Their progress was so slow, with all their labour,

that it was not until the evening of the second day, after they had sighted land, that they came under the island of Majorca. Whilst they lay under the rocks, a vessel passed closely, which they recognised as a Turkish pickaroon. They, however, remained undiscovered, and speedily found an inlet where they thrust in their weather-beaten boat.

John Anthony and the captain went off immediately to seek for fresh water, but were divided in opinion which way to take. The dispute rose almost to blows; but the captain took his own way, and at last the others followed. They presently came upon a Spanish watchtower: where the sentinel gave them a monidy cake, his own ration, and directed them to a well of water. They drank, and ate a bit of the cake. With this assistance they all contrived to creep to the city of Majorca, where public commiseration was greatly excited by their wretched appearance, and where the governor generously provided for them at his own expense, until they could be shipped for England. On his return to his native country, the captain had the happiness of finding his mother and daughter living. His remarkable narrative thus concludes:

"I had now been absent from Old England almost seven years, upwards of five of which I had spent in a tedious thralldom of slavery; therefore, as all worldly things are subject to change, it is to be expected I found my family affairs much altered, but, however, through the benevolence of the Almighty, not so bad but I had infinite reason to be thankful for His manifold mercies."

A LETTER IN BLACK.

A FLOATING on the fragrant flood
Of summer, fuller hour by hour,
With all the sweetness of the bud,
Crown'd by the glory of the flower,
My spirits with the season flowed;
The air was all a breathing balm;
The lake so softly sapphire glowed;
The mountains lay in royal calm.

Green leaves were lusty, roses blush'd
For pleasure in the golden time;
The birds through all their feathers flush'd
For gladness of their marriage prime.
Languid, among the lilies I threw
Me down, for coolness, 'mid the sheen,
Heaven one large smile of brooding blue,
Earth one large smile of basking green.

A rich suspended shower of gold
Hung o'er me, my laburnum crown!
You look up heavenward, and behold,
It glows, and comes in glory down!
There, as my thoughts of greenness grew
To fruitage of a leafy dream,
There, friend, your letter thrilled me through,
And all the summer day was dim.

The world, so pleasant to the sight,
So full of voices blithe and brave,
With all her lamps of beauty alight
With life! I had forgot the grave.

And there it opened at my feet,
Revealing a familiar face,
Upturned, my whitened look to meet,
And very patient in its place.

My poor bereav'd friend, I know
Not how to word it, but would bring
A little solace for your woe,
A little love for comforting.
And yet the best that I can say
Will only help to sum your loss,
I can but lift my look, and pray
God help my friend to bear his cross.

I have felt something of your smart,
And lost the dearest thing e'er wound
In love about a human heart;
I, too, have life-roots underground.
From out my soul hath leapt a cry
For help, nor God himself could save;
And tears still run that nought will dry
Save death's hand with the dust o' the grave.

God knows, and we may some day know,
These hidden secrets of his love;
But now the stillness stuns us so,
Darkly as in a dream we move.
The glad life-pulses come and go,
Over our head and at our feet;
Soft airs are sighing something low,
The flowers are saying something sweet,

And 'tis a merry world; the lark
Is singing over the green corn;
Only the house and heart are dark!
Only the human world forlorn!
There, in her bridal-chamber, lies
A dear bed-fellow, all in white;
That purple shadow under eyes
Where star-fire swam in liquid night.

Sweet, slippery silver of her talk,
And music of her laugh so dear,
Heard in home-ways and wedded walk,
For many and many a golden year;
The singing soul and shining face,
Daisy-like glad, by roughest road,
Gone! with a thousand dearnesses
That hid themselves for us and glowed.

The waiting angel, patient wife,
All through the battle at our side,
That smiled her sweetnes on our strife
For gain, and it was sanctified!
When waves of trouble beat breast-high,
And the heart sank, she pour'd a balm
That stilled them, and the saddest sky
Made clear and starry with her calm.

And when the world, with harvest ripe,
In all its golden fulness lay,
And God, it seemed, saw fit to wipe
Even on earth, our tears away,—
The good, true heart that bravely won,
Must smile up in our face, and fall:
And all our happy days are done,
And this the end! And is this all?

The bloom of bliss, the secret glow,
That clothed without, and only curled,—
All gone. We are left shivering now,
Naked to the wide open world.
A shrivelled, withered world it is,
And sad, and miserably cold:
Where be its vaunted braveries?
'Tis grey, and miserably old.

Our joy was all a drunken dream:
This is the truth at waking. We
Are swept out rootless by the stream
And current of calamity,
Out on some lone, and shoreless sea
Of solitude, so vast and deep,
As in a wrong Eternity,
Where God is not, or gone to sleep.

My friend, I see you with your cup
Of tears and trembling, see you sit,
And long to help you drink it up,
With useless longings infinite—
Sit, rocking the old mournful thought,
That on the heart's blood will be nurs'd,
Unless the blessed tears be brought,
Unless the cloudy sorrows burst.

The little ones are gone to rest,
And for a while they will not miss
The mother-wings above the nest,
But down a dream they feel her kiss;
And in their sleep will sometimes start,
And toss wild arms for her caress,
With meanings that must thrill a heart
In heaven with divine distress.

And Sorrow on your threshold stands,
The Dark Ladye in glooming pall;
I see her take you by the hands,
I feel her shadow over all.
Hers is no warm and tender clasp :
With silence solemn as the night's,
And veiled face, and mighty grasp,
She leads her chosen up the heights.

The cloudy crags are cold and grey,
You cannot scale them without scars—
A many martyrs, by the way,
Who never reach'd her tower of stars !
But there her beauty shall be seen,
Her glittering face so proudly pure,
And all her majesty of mien,
And all her guerdon shall be sure.

Well. 'Tis not written God will give
To his beloved only rest;
The hard life of the Cross they live,—
They strive, and suffer, and are blessed.
The feet must bleed to reach their throne ;
The brow will burn before it bear
One of the crowns that may be won
By workers for immortal wear.

Dear friend, life beats, though buried 'neath
Its long black vault of night; and see,
There trembles, through this dark of death,
Starlight of immortality.
And yet shall dawn the eternal day,
To kiss the eyes of them that sleep ;
And He shall wipe all tears away
From tired eyes of them that weep.

'Tis something for the poor bereaved,
In such a weary world of care,
To feel that we have friends in heaven :
Who helped us here, may aid us there.
These yearnings for them set our arc
Of being widening more and more,
In circling sweep, through outer dark,
To day more perfect than before.

So much was left unsaid, the soul
Must live in other worlds to be ;

On earth we cannot grasp the whole,
For that Love has eternity.
Love deep as death, and rich as rest;
Love that was love with all Love's might;
Level to needs the lowliest,
Will not be less love at full-height.

Though earthly forms be far apart,
Spirit to spirit may be nigher ;
The music chord the same at heart,
Though one should range an octave higher.
Eyes watch us that we cannot see ;
Lips warn us which we may not kiss ;
They wait for us, and starry
Lean towards us from heaven's lattices.

We cannot see them face to face ;
But Love is nearness, and they love
Us yet, nor change with change of place,
In their more human world above,
Where love, once leal, hath never ceased,
And dear eyes never lose their shine,
And there shall be a marriage feast
Where Christ shall once more make the wine.

THE NOBLE ROMAN.

TOWARDS evening, when the sun is going down and a refreshing coolness is abroad, should we choose to toil up those steep thousand and one steps which lead to the mount called Pincian — making fresh acknowledgment of the grand eleemosynary element, which here appeals to you as maimed, limbless mendicancy, tumbling adroitly from step to step—we shall presently see the noble Roman develop himself in all magnificence. With all the roils of the Eternal City spread out at our feet, as like a mass of non-eternal smashed flower-pots as can well be conceived; with that blighted waste of Campagna, stretching away to the right, I sit in the shade under the stunted trees, hearken to the thin piping music of a pontifical band, and watch the company sauntering to and fro, and the carriages trundling round, in a general well-meaning, but on the whole feeble, effort at reproducing London Rotten-row, Spanish Prado, or Parisian Bois de Boulogne. I am not dazzled by any brilliancy of colours and elegance of dress, or by nobility betraying itself in a thousand shapes of form, hue, cut, and bearing. But I can analyse the sad coloured crowd into a shabby dandyism, arm in arm, and bearing hats of a spiral volute pattern: into a sorry sort of dowdyism in the matter of female finery. A sprinkling of wasp-waisted warriors, a dash of square sturdy Britons, whose garments straight and plain run off into no flowing rolls and graceful curves; a flavour of the rascality which devotes itself to "industry;" all pacing those dusty sanded walks round and round, while thin music discourses laboriously. And the exercises derive a little flavour and piquancy from the fact, that if you linger here until it comes on to be cool and dusky, taking care also to keep well to the right where the wall looks down into the blighted Campagna, a horrid goblin will ascend from those reeking seething

marshes, fasten his damp fangs in you, go home with you, and stretch you on your bed for weeks. He is popularly known as Malaria Fever. By-and-by another reflection occurs to me—that, though the shade is of a modest description, there would not be a tree here but for the Napoleonic dictators, who fiercely prescribed that trees should be planted for the citizens' good. And trees were forthwith planted under a decree. And a third reflection occurs to me, namely, how it was that the Romans should have set themselves against this pastoral recreation, trees and all, as they did: not coming in to the thing until some thirty or forty years back, when they flung themselves into it with a strange enthusiasm.

See the Noble Roman, the faded sickly youth with the yellow cheeks, leaning back so languidly in his open carriage, being driven round slowly; and in this feeble, dried-up aristocrat, recognise a hope of Italy and possible pillar of the state. This solitary progress and exclusive monopoly is essential to his state. It is imperative and according to the canons of fashion that he should go forth, the lonely occupant of his vehicle. See his noble peers following slowly, each taking his exercise on the solitary and silent, but at the same time eminently patrician, system. Presently the carriage halting and the Noble Roman descending, room is given for admiring the proportions and general aspect of the distinguished youth. Presently another Noble Roman of sporting tastes, who has been driving a sort of mail phaeton round and round in the contracted ring, with an unaccountable fury, brings his chafed steeds to a stand, and joins his brother noble, the Prince Cornuto, to the right; the fiery charioteer being, indeed, no other than the Marquis Babuino. So arm in arm they loiter round, some three or four times, and presently, growing fatigued, ascend each to his solitary cell, and are driven round slowly once more. Another brother Noble Roman presents himself, borne aloft on a light car, fearfully embarrassed by the two horses which he has presumptuously had harnessed to it tandem-wise. I wonder to myself how it comes to pass that these noble youths have all so sallow and smoke-dried an aspect. Such yellow parchment faces, shaven close, even to discomfort, have been seen gathering under the Haymarket Colonnade in London as the hour for the opera drew on; and in the Noble Roman, and all of his degree, you are sure to detect the foot-light air and stagey look which clings to the person of even the first tenor. The Noble Roman seems to me to be fragrant of the theatre, reeking of the coulisses, and to have newly come from washing away the rouge from off his cheeks.

I meet occasionally long trains of little men, white-faced delicate creatures, marching in school procession, and equipped to a nicety in the costume of elders grown up. They have little hats with little volutes, little tailed coats, and little uncomfortable white ties. These poor little miniatures, marching by with a comic dignity, I take to be derelict orphans of

some kind, upon a Foundation, and to be commiserated accordingly; but am told that these are Young Nobility, in training sub ferula, and that the little sickly men will at some future date burst into sicklier dukes and princes. No fresh rosy cheeks shining like pippins—no boisterous insubordination and rampant breaking of ranks—no exasperation and continued fretting of solemn usher—but a line of vacant sickly faces; a string of model Lilliputian Mutes and small Dissenting ministers. I have a glimpse of this possible nobleman in the still earlier grub stage; for, with a flash, a handsome family carriage swings round the corner, and I see a dark-haired, dark-eyed woman sitting up stiff and straight with the possible nobleman on her lap. She wears a wreath of flaming satin ribbon, and has a heavy golden arrow stuck in a savage kind of fashion through her hair. She has earrings, and a fiery coloured fichu, and has altogether a gipsy look. The noble mistress sits back with an anxious weary gaze, which I have seen on other noble mistresses taking out their offspring for an airing.

Entering into the fashionable Fotografista's, where the sun is kept hard and fast at work all day long, we shall see the noble Roman hung round in many postures. Most specially does he delight to be glorified in the costume of a noble Guardsman, simpering on us from the walls in all the dandyism of heavy jack-boots, kerseymere breeches, and baldric overlaid with embroidery. Into that crack corps—that choice Household Brigade, where the privates are Ducas, Principes, or Marcheses—he has enlisted at an early age, prematurely taking on himself the duties of that arduous service. In those long Vatican corridors—where the walls are outspaking with voices from the dead, encrusted so thickly with the strange catacomb inscriptions, and where the stranger passes between the two ranks of cold statues, sitting, standing, maimed, corroded, that look upon him sadly as he goes by—into this solemn presence I have seen rude intrusions of these military gallants, tramping it down this sacred gallery some three or four abreast, smoking cigars. They had come from off duty in the Vatican ante-chambers, and as they clinked by defiantly, with "guardians" rising humbly to do them homage and party-coloured Swiss saluting, held themselves privileged for this piece of saucy irreverence. A roving Briton, measuring them with cold eye as they pass, yearns to stay their triumphant progress and whisper some salutary but distasteful memento. Was there not a period, O warriors of the Guard Noble! some twelve years ago, when the people, being angry and in ferment, were howling about the Palazzo, with no gentle designs towards the sovereign, and were with difficulty kept at bay by a handful of sad-eyed Swiss? And was it not at such a critical season that the deserted pontiff cast his eyes around wistfully and found not one of this bedizened body-guard at hand to help him? The Principe and the Dux, who claim it as of right to walk beside their king

and dazzle the commonalty with their gold and scarlet, where were they then? I will answer for it, there were urgent private affairs in those days. No wonder that braver men, the brisk quick-eyed Frenchmen, when they fall to quarrelling and angry words, flout each other with the derisive title of "Garde Noble," and interchange the scoff, "Vilain soldat du Pape." It is no matter of surprise that one of this body, when named by special grace of the Supreme Pontiff to be a commander in the newly formed Civic Guard, should come like a whimpering child to an English friend of mine, and, half crying, pour out his griefs under the disagreeable honour thrust upon him. "At any other time, indeed," mourn the desponding hero, "'twould have been most kind and gracious of the Santo Padre; but now, when we are on the eve of commotion, when there is fighting and disorder at hand, when blood may be spilled—" The prospect fairly overpowering the honest youth, he hides his face in his hands.

Again. In Conductor-street—down which it is your destiny ever to make but slow progress, owing to those Dalilahs of jewellers' shops which draw you witchingly, now to the right, now to the left, in a sort of zig-zag procession—we pass a great arch which is at the sign of a great red staring eight-pointed cross—the Cradle or Commandery of Malta—a catacomb where is laid up in ordinary the dry bones of the famous Order. The old forms, with perhaps a little of the spirit of the ancient knighthood, are flickering up and down spasmodically; the old machinery of Prior and Brethren, with the theatrical adjuncts and decorations, still has a certain life—for there are revenues to be administered. It is surprising how difficult it is to scotch an institution when there is that one element of vitality left. Nay, there are commanderies and knights in other countries, and there is obedience, and orders, and communication by letters, and so the thing works on somehow. Its members sweep by at public processions in all the theatrical majesty of their robes, in the dark, flowing gaberdine, with the eight-pointed cross upon their shoulder, making up fine monkish figures, very Titianesque. In rank and number they are eminently respectable, but have about the same proportion to the old spirit of the Order, as Mr. Hawkins's Crystal Palace models have to the extinct mastodons and fossil elks. Now, however, that pontifical affairs are at such a crisis, and that levies of moneys and legionaries are being made in foreign countries, a young and spirited knight of Malta who has long been in protest against this pure mumming and playing at religious orders, thinks that now their lawful sovereign having come into such straits, it were fitting time to put life and motion into the defunct mastodon: the quaint two-handed sword might now be put to better use than mere show of gala days. They might fight for the Cross again; not, indeed, against the Crescent, but against the excommunication of Christ's Vicar. And with that he begins to agitate, working on whatever chi-

valry might be in the ranks. He writes, he preaches, he points to Belgian, French, Austrian, Irish, and general polyglot fighting company, trooping and offering their swords. And with what result?

The Noble Roman, true to his nature, remains inert, prefers the pure sham to the sham vivified, and chants softly his old tune, "Che farà, sara." Agitator is buffeted like a shuttlecock between chancellor and secretary, between secretary and knights. Will he grow sick and weary? The vis inertiae of the Noble Roman caitiffs are too much for him, and the fighting order of Malta will not fight.

There is a certain shabbiness, notwithstanding, about these magnificent Guardsmen. Out of their fine tinsel and jack-boots, they look like actors who have just taken off their gaudy clothes in the green-room. A word not elegant, truly, but forcible and appropriate, fits them exactly: they look sadly *scrubby*. See you those two mean windows, squeezed in as a sort of entresol, one of which runs awry, having been shaken out of its right line? That is the Guardsman's "Clob," or Cercle, and the noble members may be seen lounging over the squeezed windows, and hanging about the shop door, which is the entrance, and playing out other little incidents of what they deem to be "Clob" life.

The pay and allowances of these noble gentlemen are ample. The service is therefore desirable for more objects than the mere nobility of the thing. Ingots do not too much abound; and so the little windfall comes in acceptably enough. A noble gentleman whose means are straitened, striving to keep up a show on an ill-lined purse, is to be regarded with a just compassion and respect; yet in those little gusts and whispers which at times sweep across our social circles, are borne to me curious little meannesses and queer bits of shabbiness which I will swear a Spanish hidalgo of bluest blood would not stoop to. Thus the carriage, horses, and liveries of such a grand seigneur may be justly admired; albeit the body seems laid down a little too much on lifeboat lines; yet I hold it scarcely consists with the dignity of such a seigneur to let out his equipage, appointments and all, *on hire*, to the moneyed English. The noble owner, meantime, may tramp it afoot, and must have a quaint and curious sensation as his own vehicle, trundling by, splashes him royally, or goes nigh to running him down at the crossing. It is humbly submitted that this touches ever so nearly on *shabbiness*. Slabby too, but with more reasonable show of excuse, is that letting for hire, by noble persons, of flights and stories in their mansions. To poor straitened nobility, who durst not keep up a gloomy state in the palatial Newgates, such grist may be welcome, and the attitude of il Signor Giovanni Torro from Inghilterra, tendering four hundred scudi per month, utterly irresistible. But for wealthier houses I take it there is no excuse beyond pure greed of money. That noble family whose palace

rises hard by to the street of the Four Fountains, and which holds the well-known girlish face overshadowed with the white turban, who looks at you so sadly over her white shoulder, does not disdain to take English gold for its highest story, and nothing short of a *very* round sum too. That graceful palace, rising in rich and elegant details, can be reached only by the meanest of gateways, such as would do no honour to a coach-house; a gateway, moreover, set awry, and at an acute angle with the main building. One month's rent in the Saxon's gold would do something in the way of amendment, O noble Barberini! So too, will you seek out the Colonna mansion (his who on Palm Sunday comes up the altar steps in a purple cape to exercise his family's prerogative and wash the pontiff's fingers), and find the tricolor of France and the escutcheon of ducal Grammont over your head. Pass by the long slate-coloured palace in the Corso, which you are told is the Ruspoli Palazzo, and you will find the Ruspoli vanished, and one half the house working a languid business as a *café*. From the other half round the corner, again flutters that tricolor ubiquitous; and the little compact sentry carries arms, as Goyon the magnificent descends from his horse at the door.

But here does not the old cry fall upon our ears? See how low an evil government can bring a noble people: degrading the fine bold patrician element into a mere lounging vegetable. Yet, without straying into this debatable ground—always thorny, and covered with braken and briars—there is something to be said, which lays a fair share of his fallen state to the account of the noble Roman himself. Because he is interdicted from the brawl of politics, and not suffered to run riot in newspaper columns, is he to settle down with sunken head and folded arms, and become hopelessly impassive? Are there no other objects upon which a manly nature could expend itself? He is rich; and there is nothing to hinder his free progress into other countries. The police have no instructions to refuse him his passports. So might he go forth and brace his mind with the wholesome currents of northern nations. So goes forth the Russian noble, semi-barbarous, and returns a smooth and enlightened grand seigneur. Has not the Noble Roman horses and dogs, and the broad miles of Campagna prairie, finest riding-grounds in the world? Has he not whole jungles of forest, where lurks the wild boar, ready to furnish him with sport that shall make him manly and quick of eye, and, above all, healthy? Does he not live and have his being in a world of art? Is not his very breath charged with the fragrance of pictures, statues, columns, frescoes, and such noble works?

Still, where are no free presses, no glut and satiety of books, where reading is cramped and manacled under a load of censorship, index, inquisition, and such like, it is hard for a Noble Roman to find proper aliment for his mind. True. Yet here is a startling truth. With all

that censorship and index, and those Dominican "masters of the Sacred Palace," whose awful functions are supposed to be those of execution, hanging, drawing, quartering, and disembowelling volumes, still this truth stands firm and uncontrovertible—*any book is to be procured in Rome*. Never was such a bugbear put forward to frighten children, as this one of restriction in the matter of reading. There are booksellers' shops and booksellers—not many, but sufficient. There is to be found, not on their shelves merely, but set out in flaming placards on the outside of their houses, in conspicuous characters, such dangerous and heretical matter as Monsieur Guizot's History of Parliamentary Power, such inflammatory petards as Monsieur Michelet's History of France, together with Monsieur Villemain's Souvenirs, Monsieur Cousin's mischievous Philosophy, and Monsieur Mignet's Historical Compositions. Intelligent librarian, when I enter, shows me an army of French privates in their limp paper covers, comprising all that is newest and best in French literature, with all, too, that is newest and questionable: Memoirs of the immortal age of the Louises newly disinterred, light and loose novels, pamphlets and essays. And when, for the sake of experiment, just to humour the thing, though not without a certain diffidence, I hint at the possibility—just the bare possibility—of procuring the frightful and damnable heresy of one About (here I drop my voice into a hoarse conspirator whisper, and glance round with a fearful caution), intelligent librarian answers cheerfully that he has not, indeed, such a work on hand, but will procure it in his next fortnightly parcel. In the humbler establishments where books are vended in an odd companionship with brass candlesticks, holy pictures, beads, pinchbeck jewellery, and sweetmeats, I see the works of Silvio Pellico in a cheap form: likewise the novels of the tabooed Massimo D'Azeglio, all the romances of Walter Scott rendered into Italian, and the exciting tales of lively Alexander the Elder. I certainly did not observe the adventures of a certain Camellia Lady; but in a Holy City such a person would be clearly out of place. Even the Negro pleadings of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe are to be seen here, with a portrait of the deserving and god-fearing Black, the Avuncular Tom, to face the title. Again, not a day passes but there are some two or three book auctions, when books of every country, clime, and degree, are "knocked down" cheap. Moreover, there are stalls where literature of some sort may be found, from a halfpenny upwards. But the intelligent bookseller before alluded to, tells me that trade is very slack indeed, and that the Noble Roman is his worst customer. There are here old book dens, the most delightful and appetising in the world—Erebus-like, and perfect catacombs—but very bandits' caves for treasure. You, being bibliomaniac, may come here and grub and dig for hours, and turn up jewels at every stroke. The proprietor of the cave, with that neat spirit of order which reigns, has all his prizes

ticketed and catalogued, so that he can lay his hand on the particular jewel wanted in an instant.

MORE OF THE GRIMGRIBBER RIFLE CORPS.

OUR NEW CAPTAIN.

AUTUMN being, according to the almanacks, close at hand, and many members of our corps feeling bound to absent themselves from the neighbourhood of the metropolis and to disport in sylvan or sea-side regions, I see some chance of being enabled to get an evening to myself to chronicle our doings since the earliest stages of our formation. Up to this time, it has been impossible. I thought that when I had mastered the difficulties of drill, my labour would be at an end; that I might once a week lead or rather follow the regiment to our parade-ground; that on the other six days my helmet might have been used as a hive for bees, or any other rustic and pacific receptacle; that our bugler would "sing true" as soon as the Saturday night cloud had lowered, and would not call us again to arms for the entire space of a week; in fact, that so long as we were well up in our manual and platoon, and could put our men through the ordinary evolutions of company and battalion drill, more would not be required of us. I was mistaken—as I often am, and always to my cost. I dare say that, had we remained as we originally formed ourselves, I could have arranged things with Jack Heatly and his brother, and we should have restricted our military ambition within proper limits; but our corps increased so tremendously, so many fresh recruits came flocking to our standard, that we were obliged to form a second company, who, in their turn, elected their officers, and who chose for their captain a gentleman who, from his punctuality, exactitude, and strict attention to business, seems intended by Nature to supply the place of the late Duke of Wellington in these dominions. He was elected because he was a pleasant, strong, active young fellow, a good cricketer and oarsman, and such a maniac for dancing, that he might have been a male Wili, or a victim to the bite of the tarantula. He was elected, and he thanked us; the next day on parade his true character burst forth! He made us a speech in which he said he had observed with regret that the discipline of the regiment was not such as could be wished. He was aware, he said (glancing at Jack Heatly, who was sitting on a camp-stool smoking a short pipe)—he was aware that we had been somewhat loosely looked after, but that we might depend upon a strict supervision in future. You may be astonished to hear that there were certain men who applauded this harangue: rash young men who talked about "sticking to the thing" and "having no child's play," but I myself trembled in my varnished gaiters. The next day, Jack Heatly took a month's leave of absence and went out of town, and the new captain, De Tite Strongbow, became our commander-in-chief. I shall never forget that day! it was a Saturday, and we

had just gone through a series of the most complicated evolutions in pouring rain; I was in the armoury divesting myself of my soaked uniform and rusted sword, and privately wondering why I had voluntarily exposed myself to so much inconvenience, when the senior sergeant of the regiment presented himself before me. A pleasant man is Sergeant Piper, with a jolly round rubicund face, a merry black eye, and a nose that attests the goodness of the port wine at the Sternsail and Tiller on the Essex shore: which hotel he makes his summer residence. But dull was his appearance and solemn his expression as he made his military salute, and, merely saying "From the captain, sir," placed in my hands a large square printed paper. It was headed with the royal arms, and ran as follows:

GRIMGRIBBER RIFLE CORPS.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

MONDAY.—Second squad drill at 2 P.M. by Ensign Rivers.

TUESDAY.—Platoon drill by Ensign Rivers, 2 P.M.

WEDNESDAY.—First instruction in musketry, 7 P.M., by Captain Strongbow, assisted by Ensign Rivers.

THURSDAY.—Second squad drill by Ensign Rivers, 2 P.M.

FRIDAY.—Lecture on the dissection of the lock, by Captain Strongbow, assisted by Ensign Rivers, 4 P.M.

SATURDAY.—The regiment will march out for battalion drill on Squash Common. All the officers will attend. Gaiters, if wet, but no great-coats on any account.

Ensign Rivers is officer of the week, and any gentleman requiring any information on any point must apply to him.

DE TITE STRONGBOW,
Captain Commanding.

I, the present writer, am Ensign Rivers, whose name is so frequently mentioned in this abominable document! I rushed off to Strongbow's rooms—he lives with his father, the eminent drysalter, but has a little outbuilding next the stables specially appropriated to his use. As I neared this pavilion, I heard strange sounds of stamping, mingled with thwacking of weapons, and cries of "Ha! ha! had you there!" Entering, I found Strongbow stripped to his shirt, and busily engaged in belabouring the Corporal, who, wooden as ever, solemnly defended himself with a single-stick. "Hallo!" says Strongbow, "come for more orders, Ensign?" I boil over, I object, I appeal—all in vain. "What will the men say, when they see their officers shirking duty?" Frustrously do I urge that I know nothing of the musketry instruction, or the dissection of the lock; he gives me books—enormous volumes—which he bids me study. For a moment I waver in my allegiance, I have a faint notion of requesting Her Majesty to be graciously pleased to accept my resignation of my commission; but better thoughts prevail, and I go to work. I drill the second squad, I pass a bright afternoon in the dull lecture-room of the

Mechanics' Institute, where the map of Europe glares feebly at me from the damp-stained wall, and where the mullioned windows rattle dismally at the tramping of the recruits. Painfully and wearily do I go through the different evolutions, and tight and Gordian-like is the knot into which I once or twice get myself and all the men, and have to summon the stiff corporal to my assistance, amidst furtive grins and whispered hints of "try back." But I did get through it at last, and next day accomplished the platoon drill, with directions, and in a manner that struck the corporal mute with horror. It has been malevolently remarked that the gentlemen who benefited by my instruction have since been recognisable, principally by a habit of invariably carrying their rifles at full cock, and secondly, by the slight omission of neglecting to withdraw their ramrods after loading with blank cartridge: a disadvantage which is apt to be unpleasantly felt by their comrades when they are placed as "a rear rank standing." But this is mere envy.

THE FIRST INSTRUCTION IN MUSKETRY.

It was so called in the Orders for the week, because it is rather a fine phrase. I believe, however, that the real technical unvarnished name of this performance is "Preliminary Drill for cleaning Arms." A select class attended Captain Strongbow's first instruction lecture on the Wednesday evening, but I shall better be able to give an account of their proceedings by adopting the dramatic form:

SCENE—Captain Strongbow's rooms. Evening. Moderator lamp alight in centre. Captain Strongbow at head of table, a Long Enfield rifle, and two very ominous-looking red books by his side. Privates and sergeants of the Corps gathered round him. Ensign Rivers standing immediately behind the Captain, where he has the least chance of being seen by him, and looking doubtfully on. The opening portion of the lecture has already been given.

Capt. Strongbow (proceeding). Now, gentlemen, I will once more run through what I have said, before questioning you. Now, gentlemen, the principal parts of the rifle are the stock and the barrel. (He takes up rifle and points to each part as he names it.) The stock is divided into the nose-cap, the upper, middle, and lower bands, the swell, projections, lock-side, head, small, trigger-guard, trigger-plate, trigger, butt, and heel-plate. Once more! (He repeats all the names.) Now, Mr. Lobjoit, what is this called? (Laying his hand on the nose-cap.)

Lobjoit (who is a horsey man, and is always wishing we were cavalry). Nose-bag!

Capt. S. (disgusted). What do you say, Mr. Pruffle?

Pruffle (a slow, middle-aged gentleman, who has entered the force with the sole object of learning how to defend his large family). Night-cap!

Capt. S. (more disgusted). Now, Mr. Skull, what is it?

Skull (looking blankly at it through his spectacles). 'Pon my soul, I don't know!

Capt. S. (profoundly disgusted). Really this is

too bad! Is there no gentleman present who can remember what this is called?

Sergeant Fluke. Eh? of course, yes! I can! It's the—the—the nose-cap, of course! (Aside to next neighbour.) Gad! what a good shot!

Capt. S. (overjoyed). Very good, very good, indeed, Sergeant Fluke! Ensign Rivers, I must trust to your honour not to prompt the gentlemen!

Ensign R. You may rely upon my doing nothing of the sort, sir! (N.B. This is strictly correct, as Ensign Rivers knows rather less about it than any one in the room.)

Capt. S. Now, Sergeant Fluke, can you touch any other parts of the stock, and tell me their names?

Fluke. Oh, yes, of course! (Glibly.) This is the barrel, and—

Capt. S. Parts of the stock, I said; the stock and the barrel are two distinct things.

Private J. Miller (the funny man of the Corps—aside to his neighbour). Not at a cooper's or a brewer's; there, the barrels constitute the stock!

Private Miller's neighbour (derisively). Ho! ho! ain't you funny!

Capt. S. Silence, gentlemen, pray! Now, Sergeant Fluke?

Fluke. Well, you know, this is the trigger, and this is the butt.

Capt. S. Which is the heel of the butt, Mr. Pruffle?

Pruffle (touching the wrong end). This, sir.

Capt. S. No, no! that's not the heel, that's the toe!

Private Miller. Heel and toe! I say, Pruffle, my pipkin, which is the double shuffle?

Capt. S. Mr. Miller, I shall be compelled to call upon you to retire, if you persist in this buffoonery! (Private Miller makes a grimace of preternatural ugliness behind his neighbour's back, hums the Dead March in Saul, and crosses his hands to simulate a handcuffed deserter about to be shot.)

Capt. S. Now, then, let us take the barrel.

Private Miller. Ah! some of us have taken to that kindly.

Capt. S. Taken to what?

Miller. To the barrel, sir! Don't mind me! Go on!

Capt. S. (touching them). The muzzle, foresight, back or elevating sight, nipple, breech, breech-pin. Component parts of the breech-pin: face, tang, and breech nail-hole. What are the component parts of the breech-pin, Mr. Lobjoit?

Lobjoit (rapidly). Face, fangs, and breeches-nails!

Capt. S. (in despair). This is dreadful! I don't know what they'd say to you at Hythe!

Miller. He'll never go there, sir, no more shall I. I say, Lobjoit, old boy, fancy their catching us playing at Hythe among the Sikhs.

Capt. S. (with dignity). I shall leave you out of the course, Mr. Miller! (Miller signs to sleep, and dry his eyes on the back of his hand.) Now, once more, before I give up. The com-

ponent parts of the back or elevating sight are the flanges, flap, slider, spring, and bed. Name them, Mr. Skull.

Skull (yawning). The principal part of the back sight is the spring-bed.

Capt. S. (rising in disgust). No more at present!

(*Exeunt all but Strongbow, who sits up half the night studying the theory of trajectories.*)

THE PRESENTATION OF OUR BUGLE.

We had attended the Wimbledon meeting and the Chiselhurst sham fight, and had covered ourselves with glory at both, but there was nothing to look forward to, and the perpetual platoon exercise and theoretical musketry instruction, began to grow monotonous. The attendance of men was a trifle falling off, and I had suggested to Captain Strongbow that he should hurry on the preparation of our butts, and get us out to "judging distances" and firing with ball cartridge as speedily as possible, when we received intimation of an approaching event which brought back all those who were beginning to lapse. When our numbers increased, and we grew too large for the Mechanics' Institute or Toddler's-yard, we looked about for some suitable drill-ground; but there was no place to be had and we were in despair, when the Principal of Dulciss's Grimgrubber College, hearing of our extremity, came forward in the kindest manner and placed the grounds of that establishment at our disposal. Dulciss's College is not, as you may probably imagine, a scholastic institution for young gentlemen; it is a retreat, a refuge, a harbour for elderly gentlemen who have been broken and buffeted by the tempests of the world: a roadstead where they may ride safely at anchor for the remainder of their lives, comfortably housed and tended, and provided with a small income to supply themselves with necessities. The only qualifications for candidates are, that they shall have been born in Grimgrubber, shall have exceeded sixty years of age, and shall be without pecuniary resources. It is not difficult to find many who can fulfil these requirements, and the College is always full; there, slowly pacing up and down the shady cloisters, or sitting sunning themselves on the wormeaten old benches outside the porch, are the old fellows constantly to be seen, wearing their old black cloaks and queer shovel hats as decreed by the founder, old Sir Thomas Dulciss, who died two hundred years ago. Attached to their prettily terraced garden, is a fine open meadow of several acres, but the old collegians rarely stroll so far, and when, under the permission of the principal, we held our first drill therein, none of them even came out to look at us, or took the trouble to inquire what we were doing. But a little later, on a fine spring day, they came down in a knot and stood close by watching our movements, and as the words of command rang out, two or three of them, evidently old soldiers, straightened their poor bent backs and cocked their shovel hats with the

ghost of a military swagger, and one, a very old man, hobbled back to the college, whence he returned with his black cloak thrown very much back and a Waterloo medal gleaming on his brave old breast; when drill was over, we gave him a cheer that brought the fire into his dim eyes and the flush into his withered cheeks. Then Mrs. Principal, a benevolent old lady, and the two Miss Principals, very dashing girls, got in the habit of coming to watch us, and the Miss Principals brought their friends, and the friends brought their cavaliers, so that at last we used to exhibit before quite a bevy of spectators. One day, Sir Gregory Dulciss, the present representative of the great family, was at the college on business, and hearing of this, we formed on the terrace and saluted the great man, presenting arms to him as he came out. Sir Gregory was greatly touched at this, called it audibly a "daylish gratifying mark of 'tention," made us several bows modelled on those of his great friend the late King George the Fourth, and hoped to meet us again. And a few days afterwards it was officially announced that Lady Dulciss intended presenting us with a silver bugle.

This it was that caused the new excitement; this it was that brought up the few laggards and caused the many who had hitherto been indefatigable to show even greater attention. It was determined that we should have a great day; it was understood that a select company would come over from The Radishes, Sir Gregory's house; that the neighbourhood generally would attend; and there was to be a tent with a cold collation for the corps, while the officers were invited to a champagne luncheon at the Principal's. Such furnishing up of arms and accoutrements, such worrying of tailors and armourers, such private drill among the men, and such minute inquiries among the officers as to the exact meaning of "recover swords"!

The day arrived, and the hour. Headed by our band (their first appearance in public—rather nervous and shaky, a trifle agitated in the trombone, and a thought Punch and Judyish about the big drum, but still playing capitally), we marched through the village and into the field. The profane vulgar were not allowed to come inside, but they clustered thickly round the gates and swarmed about the palings, like bees. Very good and searching were the remarks of the boys. "Walk up! walk up! just agoin' to begin!" shouts one, as the band passed. "Hooray for the Workus Corpse," says another, in allusion to our neat grey uniform. "Here's the pauper lunatics with their throats cut," says a third, hinting at the red stripe on our collars. "Hallo, Bill," says a boy perched on the gate, "here's your huncle!" "I see him," responds Bill, a grimy-faced cynical young blacksmith—"I see him, but I never takes no notice on him when he's with his Volunteers!" And we passed on into the field. The white tent glimmered in the sun, and the ground was covered with company. The Dulciss people had brought some great acquaintances with them,

country grandees in their carriages, dashing girls on horseback, and three or four young Guards' officers who came to scoff, and remained to prey—upon the luncheon. To pass this lot was the great ordeal. "Keep up, rear rank!" "Steady in the centre!" "Touch to the left, Jenkins; where the deuce are you going to?" The first and second companies went by splendidly. "Weally, not so bad now, for quill-drivers and mechanics," says young Lithpson of the Bombardiers to Jack Gorget of the Body Guards, *mawve*. Jack nods approvingly; then, as the third company advances, headed by Tom Exlex, who was in the Spanish service under General Evans and wears his Sebastian medal and San Fernando cross on his breast, Jack says earnestly, though ungrammatically, "Hallo, what's this swell's decorations?" "Pon my soul I can't say," answers Lithpson; "prob'ably some weward for superiour penmanship."

But we could afford to laugh even at such bitter sarcasm as this, so well were our evolutions performed, and so heartily were they applauded. Finally, we were drawn up in line, and, amidst the cheers of the populace, Lady Dulciss advanced, followed by a portentous servant bearing the bugle on a cushion. Lady Dulciss is a very fine woman: a kind, benevolent, motherly-looking lady, and I've no doubt she made an excellent speech. It was intended for the entire regiment, but she delivered it in a confidential tone to Jack Heatly, who stood in front of her, and all we caught was "Britannia," "bugle," "Grimgribber," and "call to arms." Then she presented the bugle gracefully to Jack, who, in his intense nervousness, instantly dropped it, and she and he and Sir Gregory and the portentous footman all struggled for it on the ground. Then the band played "God save the Queen," the people cheered louder than ever, and we broke off and went in to lunch.

CHINESE FIGHTING MEN.

ALTHOUGH China possesses an enormous army on paper, and a very considerable one in reality, it may be doubted whether, before Admiral Hope's gallant, but fatal affair at the mouth of the Peiho river, our arms have ever been fairly encountered by Chinese soldiers. This requires explanation, but the explanation is at hand. Among the other features of that gigantic system of shame which the Celestial Empire has degenerated into, one of the most noteworthy, if not the most prominent, is the army. If the Pekin Gazette is to be believed, the Brother of the Sun and Moon possesses an effective force of *three millions and a half of troops!* These colossal numbers are sometimes permitted to vary on a sort of sliding scale, but the effective force of China is seldom, if ever, reduced below a nominal amount of three millions. No Army List is published in China—at least, the writer could hear of none, either among the Hong-Kong merchants or the native Cantonese—and it is very difficult to elicit any particulars with reference to this tremendous host: which

is supposed to be at this moment mustering somewhere along the line of the Grand Canal to pour down with overwhelming force upon the Fanquis, or English barbarians. And, indeed, if such an army did exist in an effective condition, the fate of our expeditionary force, averaging, as it will, only from fourteen to twenty thousand rank and file, would inspire apprehension at home, even with the largest allowance made for the weight of British valour and discipline. An old, deeply-rooted opinion is prevalent in England that the Chinese are poltroons. This is unjust and erroneous. The Chinese not only possess a passive courage, which bears them up amid frightful tortures and the preliminaries of a cruel death, but they will confront danger with perfect gaiety. Who that has seen the Canton coolies of our Land Transport Service, cracking jokes, laughing, and capering with uncouth merriment under the fire of their countrymen, can doubt that a Chinaman may be as devoid of cowardice as any one? The camp followers in India are singularly timid and liable to panics, and in the Sutlej campaigns I have known hundreds of them rush among the very sabres of the Sikh horse in irrational terror. But so cool and light of heart are Chinese transport coolies—carrying their weighty loads by bamboo sling-poles under a smart fire of match-lock balls and cannon-shot—that a body of them, if raised and organised, would prove highly efficient. Yet these are the cousins and brothers of the very enemies who fly with such agile pertinacity before the assaults of our people, and who are routed from strong positions by the mere tramp and hurrahs of the "foreign devils," as they have been taught to call us. The fact is, there is little danger of defeat: the Chinaman, like other Orientals, is born to obey, and is a good servant to a good master; his courage, his endurance of peril and wounds, are totally conditional on the example set him. With officers of ability and dash to lead him, he can behave very well indeed; but the military mandarins are, for the most part, very sorry officers, and command neither affection nor respect. The vices inherent in any despotism have sapped the personal bravery which they might be supposed to have inherited from their barbaric ancestors, and peculation, timidity, and corruption of every kind, combine to effect the ruin of the army.

China is not, and, happily for mankind, has never been, a military nation. Any other nation numbering three hundred millions of citizens would, countless ages ago, have overrun the whole earth; would have carried the Dragon standard to Rome and Athens; and have taught the philosophy of Confucius and the worship of Buddha, from the Hoang-hoto the Thames. The Chinese, fortunately, adopted a policy of exclusion. This has kept their neighbours free, but has weakened their own prowess to an incalculable degree. Although caste is not an institution of China, yet custom has rendered castes hereditary. Thus the shoemaker is the descendant of shoemakers, the barber a grand-

son of barbers. Just so, a soldier's son becomes a soldier. The armies of the Flowery Land are composed of the posterity of those warriors who accompanied the present dynasty of Tartar emperors, and of those who unsuccessfully resisted the Mantchou invasion. This causes the division of the army into the two great classes of the Tartar and the Chinese soldiery; the Tartars being subdivided again. Of these classes the Tartars rank the highest: their generals take precedence; to their valour is committed the care of the emperor's person, the sacred city of Pekin, and the standard of the Imperial Dragon. They are better armed and better clad than the Chinese soldier, and their pay is higher. While a Chinese soldier of infantry (the cavalry is entirely Tartar) receives three taels a month, a Tartar foot soldier receives four, and a trooper four and a half, besides an allowance for forage. A tael may average from six to seven shillings. Three taels a month, or from eighteen to twenty-one shillings, for a Chinese soldier, at first sight seems most liberal pay, considering how frugal the people are, and how cheap the rice, and fish, and nondescript vegetables on which they subsist. But, this handsome salary of the soldier only exists on paper. Probably the full amount is drawn from the Pekin treasury, but it melts like snow in the sun, as it passes through the hands of innumerable officials. When the clerks are gorged with plunder, the military mandarin has to be satisfied. Lucky is the soldier if he receive one tael, or from six to seven shillings, for his monthly subsistence; and even this wretched pittance is often months in arrear. Of course, if this were all he had to look to, even the proverbial obedience of the Chinaman would fail; the poor starved wretch would run away, turn pirate, robber, rebel, anything. But if the soldier sees but little of the emperor's money, the emperor asks for but little of the soldier's time. Accordingly, the private soldier is in his leisure moments a boatman, a labourer, or a watchman to merchants' warehouses and barges. He gets leave of absence, and helps to gather in the rice and bean crop, for his relations, or for any one who will pay him. Here, again, comes in the military mandarin, to whose hands two-thirds of his men's pay are sticking already, and he claims a share in the profits of labour. It is said that Yen-Lin-Ti, the very general who so chivalrously abandoned the unhappy city of Nankin to the Taiping rebels, made a constant practice of hiring out the regiments under his command, as leaf-pickers in the tea-groves. Imagine the Buffs, or the Forty-second, employed in agriculture, or working on the railways, to halve their wages with a prudent colonel! Also, there are towns, villages, and tracts of land, which belong to certain hereditary regiments, and which are farmed and inhabited by them. A town on the Yang-tse belonged to the long-descended corporation of the Tartar Bannermen, who were the privileged guardians of the "little" Dragon standard, and who, though numbering ten thousand men, and hold-

ing a strong-walled city, shamefully succumbed at the first assault of the Taipings, who butchered them like sheep in the horrible sack of the place. It was razed, and sown with salt.

The Chinese soldier is very variously armed. Strict etiquette requires him to be provided with a shield and a helmet—generally carved and painted into the shape of some fantastic monster—two swords, a bow and arrows, a matchlock, and a spear. But instead of this embarrassing load of weapons, the soldier has usually a gun, or a bow, and perhaps a sword: or, it may be, only a club, like Harlequin's sword of lath. The defensive part of his equipment is generally forthcoming; a man may have a defective matchlock, or bone-tipped arrows, or a worthless sword; but he has usually a quilted linen cuirass, a conical wooden helmet carved into a griffin's head, and a shield of such gaudy ugliness that it would frighten an English child into fits. The Tartars have good swords, however—long, two-edged, and cutting—and are mostly well provided with efficient matchlocks, or, what is almost as good, the national bow. Their cavalry are reported to be well mounted and armed with cuirasses of quilted leather, or brass mail, helmets, long furred boots, and a perfect arsenal of weapons, chiefly missile.

The Tartar army has several subdivisions. Besides those numerous Tartar cohorts which have been naturalised in the rich lowlands, there are, in the imperial pay, the brigades, or hordes (Or-da or O-da is the local name), of the Mongolians, who border on the great unexplored desert of Sha-mo: or, as the Thibet people call it, Gobi. There are the tribes of Chinese Turkistan, said to be singularly warlike and hardy; the Oghuzes, or Irghuzes, a Mongol race verging on the valley of the Amoor; choicest and most valued of all, the horsemen of Mantchouria, of the same stock as the imperial family, and who may be called the emperor's clansmen, the most trusted and faithful of his followers. These Mantchou troops, who are reported to consist of two hundred thousand fighting men, on the lowest computation, form the emperor's real dependence, furnish his body-guard, and afford perhaps the only stable bulwark the imperial dynasty possesses. They do not, it is said, consist exclusively of horse, but have a due proportion of infantry and artillery, well trained by Russian deserters, who are sure of high pay and good treatment if competent drill-sergeants. Those were Mantchou troops who in 1850, on the borders of China, signally repulsed, by a dauntless front and a fire of murderous accuracy, the Russian brigade which was in pursuit of the emigrating tribes of Kipzak Tartars. Mantchou troops, and Mantchou troops alone, have hitherto succeeded in barring the road to Pekin against the victorious Taiping insurgents, who have twice threatened to seize the Grand Canal and starve or storm the capital, but have met with more than their match. Finally, if unvarying Chinese information is to be believed, those were Mantchou veterans who, under their famous general

Sang-ko-lin-sin (or Yang-ko-lin-tsin, for the name is variously spelt), displayed unusual resolution in resisting Admiral Hope's attack on the Peiho forts, and whose slaughter of our countrymen has been the cause of the present toilsome and costly expedition. Prince Sang-ko-lin-sin ranks, I believe, third among the generals of the Chinese empire; but it is reported, and perhaps truly, that he is the most trusted and most able of all the imperial servants, and had often been mentioned by the Pekin Gazette previous to his encounter with her Majesty's forces at the Peiho. He is beyond question celebrated for the masterly manner in which, with a smaller army, he succeeded in forcing back the Taipings when they menaced the Pekin Canal. He is universally named by Chinese lips as the future generalissimo of China in the event of a regular "barbarian" war, and he certainly proved himself, on the disastrous day of the Peiho, no despicable antagonist, even for British seamen and soldiers.

From this sketch of the existing Chinese army it will be perceived that only a very small portion of it is available for actual hostilities, either with rebels or with European invaders. In fact, the soldiers of Chinese, or Tartar-Chinese descent, have never voluntarily engaged the Taipings. The settled military corporations have waited to be attacked in detail, and have been invariably worsted. The more mobile portion of the army, forced into action by the repeated mandates and threats of the court of Pekin, have waged a feeble strife, mostly from behind stockades and walls, with the unsparing human locusts who devastate the land. The Manchou and Mongolian troops alone, hardy and faithful, have averted the devastating visit of the Taipings from the metropolis, and have guarded the emperor's palace and person.

Had these been the sole supports of the Chinese government, the rebels, inspired by a thirst for plunder and a furious fanaticism, none the less furious because its purport is unintelligible, would have been the masters of all Southern China years ago. But, although Lowland China has not, as India has, any hereditary families or tribes of martial adventurers, there are generally in every village a few young men who are more restless, bolder, or perhaps poorer and more dissolute, than their neighbours. For these, there are three resources: piracy, Taipingism, enlisting in one of the local corps, whose members are technically styled the "Braves." Of these alternatives, piracy pays the best, Taipingism being decidedly the least lucrative. But every man cannot have opportunities of leading a seafaring life, and the "Brave" has this advantage: his relations will not be exposed to torture or imprisonment as a vicarious means of punishing a distant offender: which often happens when

pirates are very obnoxious to the magistrates. The Brave has good pay, much better pay than the nominal soldier, and he really receives it, with only such trifling deduction as a pay corporal may chance to exact. During the first period of our recent hostilities, the Canton Braves received each three hundred cash a day; after the city was taken, and before our famous expedition against the White Cloud Mountains, the Mandarin Committee were alarmed into increasing the remuneration to the extravagant amount of half a tael (three shillings and fourpence) a day for "whole armed" men, and half that amount for "half armed" men, who had only clubs and spears. When our Marines marched to the White Cloud hills, prepared for a hard struggle, and the mandarins found that even Sycee silver could not bribe their braggart retainers into facing the Fanquis, this pay was greatly reduced. I believe these prudent warriors exist now principally on a salary of rice, and many of them have come into Canton in hopes of employment in the service of the "foreign devils."

A "Brave" is variously armed, but he seldom or never bears the bow and quiver of the Tartar troops. A "whole armed" man ought to have a matchlock, two swords, a shield, a helmet, and a bundle of rockets, fire-sticks, firepots, and other pyrotechnic offensive tools. The "half armed" have seldom anything more dreadful than a fish spear and a knotted cudgel, but they are robust in body, and can bear the fatigue of hauling and pointing guns remarkably well. Their officers are always the inferior "one button" mandarins, and are notorious for timidity and incompetence, always keeping well in the rear of their men, so that none of them have ever yet been killed or captured by our people. No pension is given to a "Brave;" for the obvious reason that his service is a brief and temporary one; but he has a claim to be compensated for wounds, and has a large bribe in the shape of "head money." A Taiping's head is paid for, at the rate of one tael: a European's, at four times the amount; but as yet very little money has been thus obtained by the "Braves."

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